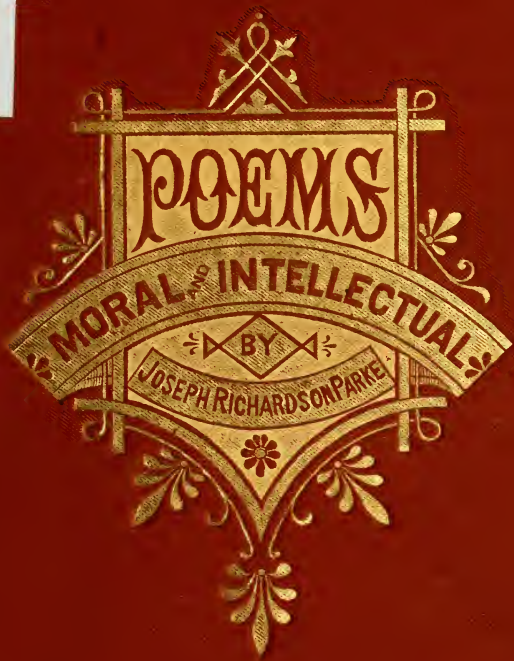




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# POEMS,

## MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL.

---

BY  
JOSEPH RICHARDSON PARKE.

Well I remember, in my boyish days,  
How deep the feeling when my eye look'd forth  
On nature, in her loveliness and storms.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

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1877.

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TO  
THE AUTHOR'S DEAR FRIEND AND COMPANION,  
MR. GEO. RITCHIE,  
Queen's University, Kingston, Canada,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME,

PRODUCED AMID THE CARES AND FATIGUES OF AN ALMOST CONSTANT OCCUPATION,  
DESTITUTE OF THAT LOFTY ORNAMENTATION OF LEARNING AND MENTAL ACUMEN  
BEST CALCULATED TO BEGET A FAVORABLE REGARD IN AN AGE DEVOTED AS  
MUCH TO THE SUBTILIZATION OF THE WIT AS THE CULTURE OF  
ARTS AND LETTERS; UNENRICHED WITH THE INCIDENTS OF  
FOREIGN TRAVEL, OR EXTENSIVE OBSERVATION, AND  
PUBLISHED ONLY AT THE TOO SANGUINE  
SOLICITATION OF FRIENDS,

IS DEDICATED.

Wm. L. Ritchie

1890-91

1713d. 9 Oct. 16

## PREFACE.

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The author of "Poetical Blossoms" says, "It is a nice and hard subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement; and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him;" nor will I, for the mere sake of disclosing to the world what the world cares nothing at all about, offend either the reader's ears or my own heart, with the usual practice of appending six or eight pages of self-written prologomena; but in giving my little volume to the public,—a thing unthought of at the time of its production,—I do so with a clear conviction that it will "speak of me as I am;" and that the good sense of the reader will none the less readily discern between the certain faults, and the possible merits, because it is thrust into his presence without the formality of an introduction to its author.

This poetical essay I have made, not with the hope that the learned and wise will obtain any commodity therefrom, but that my subject and design may escape the harsher criticism of men; for though I fail in pleasing the fancy, I at least have aimed to profit the mind, and not robbed the community thereby; and "if a man shall say to his father or mother, It is Corban, (that is to say a gift) by whatsoever thou mayest be profited by me, HE SHALL BE FREE." (Mark vii., 11.) How much less, then, should I be imputed to censure, when I say it is MINCHAB, or the lesser gift, and hand my offering to the public without extenuation upon the rectitude of my endeavor.

J. R. P.



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## PROGRESS OF REFORM.

---

Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears  
The palm—that all men are about to live,  
Forever on the brink of being born.

EDWARD YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.*

Immortal Essence! permeating Ray!  
That light'st this temple of prolong'd decay:  
Degraded spark of high emprise,  
Fallen like a meteor from celestial skies  
To glimmer darkly in a heaven of sighs.  
Thou pure conceived, but soon perverted child,  
On whom the sister angels smil'd,  
Thou whose abash'd and sin-infected face  
Forever blushes with its first disgrace,  
Beneath the all-consuming flame  
Of stern remorse, and cowering shame  
That fills the room of social fame.  
The current of self-conscious guilt,  
That drowns whate'er itself hath built;  
And, o'er the wreck of pleasure, rears  
The bitter hope of fleeting years.  
Gathering down the slope of life  
Weeds of care and thorns of strife;  
Grasping with thy longing gaze  
Peace like Ocean's false mirage.  
Sorrow for the sweets of earth,  
Pain and woe for peace and mirth,  
Life to taste the bliss of dying,  
Love to learn the art of sighing;  
Canst thou now, O sin-enshrouded mind!  
Fallen, fetter'd, weak, and blind,  
Canst thou resurvey the great  
Uncursed glory of thy state?

Ere needy sinews were compell'd with toil  
To sweat hard pittance from unwilling soil,  
Ere pains and sorrows did afflict our race,  
And God refuse the sunshine of His face?  
No man is fallen; and man's ethereal mind  
Surveys no realm but that his footsteps find;  
Except the calm, strong eye of faith  
Pierce the mists of doubt and death,  
And, like the eagle in the blaze of noon,  
Behold undaz'd the sapphire city's throne,  
Where sun, nor moon, nor silver starlight meet,  
But God's own glory lamps the golden street.

## II.

But should the fiat of eternal Fate  
The soul of man in charity restore,  
And crown her sorrow with a loftier state,  
And sweeter bliss than e'er she knew before;  
The angel Mercy from blest regions bow,  
And, with her incantation, purge the stain  
That brands as black man's grief-enshrouded brow,  
As mark'd the form of homocidal Cain;  
The subtile Serpent hath not lost the spell  
That gave her knowledge with the pangs of hell;  
But, holding up before each longing eye  
The charm, he says: "Ye shall not surely die."

## III.

Who owns the bond of nature's chain  
Must feel the force of nature's pain;  
And when, by mortal ills distrest,  
The glaz'd and sunken eye unclos'd reveals  
The brooding anguish of the breast,  
That tranquil sleep, night's calm unruffled rest,  
And sweet oblivion steals:  
The fainting pulse almost forgets its part;

And Reason, from her ruin'd throne,  
Affrighted at herself hath flown,  
While life's warm tide grows sluggish round the heart.  
When from the mists that drape the tomb,  
Like shadows from the darkness caught,  
Ascends, with nameless terrors fraught,  
The dim and awful phantasy of doom;  
Then retrospection summons up the past  
From life's sweet morn, so mournfully o'ercast,  
If yet the power of thought remain  
Within the dark, disordered brain,  
The soul returns to slighted truth  
And mourns the follies of her youth.  
But doubly vain, when life is done,  
To stand lamenting o'er the grave,  
From which no art possess'd can save,  
Tho' earth and heaven were all her own.  
Death is the universal fate; but how,  
Or when, or where, it falls, we must allow  
One wiser to decree; but error's pains  
Are self-inflicted; for tho' Heaven ordains  
The penalty, 'tis manifest and clear,  
Man's heart must fabricate its fortune here.  
And while the conqueror, in his car of flame,  
Dashes in war's terrific mood  
'Mid dying groans and seas of blood,  
Allured by all the mockery of fame;  
And hopes, when wearied of the strife,  
To soothe his latest hour of life  
With martial coronet and heroic name,  
Our virtuous moralists engage,  
With all the sabbaoth of sin, to wage  
Unceasing warfare; which since time  
Began, and brightest hopes of mankind fell,  
When our first prototype presum'd to rebel  
Against his Author's power sublime;  
Has sent, mid fiercest strife and storm,  
Like echo from the mountain rock  
When loosened by the tempest's shock,  
The loud but fruitless watchword of Reform.

## IV.

'Twas heard of Heaven in Eden's fragrant grove;  
In Paran's wilderness of night;  
And where the ministering fire of Love,  
Burn'd down from Heaven on Bochim's height.  
By Ephraim's hoary mount of old,  
In Gilead's fruitful land;  
O'er Ashdod's emerods of gold,  
And Mispah's Israelitish band. -  
The templed shrine of Zion heard the cry  
Of Boscath's royal chief;  
And from the brook of Kidron babbling by,  
Where blind Maachah built on high  
Her sculptur'd deity, Dagon-like and deaf.  
'Twas lisped on psaltery's voice divine,  
Before the Levite king;  
While harps of sweeter sound did fling  
Its gentle murmur round the Holy Shrine.  
Within the mother city's brazen gates,  
Is heard the bursting storm;  
And lo! the gray hair'd Prophet waits,  
Weeping, before the silent walls;  
While Elam's son beside him falls,  
To seal the solemn covenant of Reform.

## V.

When ruin from the frowning skies,  
Did desolate Judea's smiling land,  
And chosen Israel turn'd her changeful eyes  
To Baal and Astaroth, daring to despise  
Their God Deliverer, puissant and grand.  
Then turn'd they for a space,  
In dust and ashes, to their better love;  
But when the bolt had fallen from above,  
They wax'd apostate to the sweets of grace.  
And thus since Time's advance began,

Forever on the rack,  
Duty awhile diverts the mind of man,  
And pleasure wins it back.

## - VI.

And shall we murmur that Heaven's mercies fail  
O'er fair Columbia, consecrate and free?  
Sister of Art and spouse of Liberty,  
Who lifts to-day her famine-stricken wail.  
With Love and Justice chosen as their guide,  
A people servile to oppression stand;  
Secure in fancied truth their thoughts abide,  
While monstrous Error rules the listless land.  
Illustrious lineage of a royal race!  
Honor'd whil-ere for hardihood and grace;  
Rearing, amid the Occidental wild,  
A fabric worthy Albion and her child.  
To you we owe, stout sons of toil,  
Frugal adventurers from the parent soil,  
The primal birthright of a nation's name;  
And only ours her *future* fame.  
Yours the guerdon rich and grand,  
Accorded by the historic muse;  
Yours all the fame proud deeds command,  
But ours the fire those deeds infuse.  
You laid the base, 'tis ours to rear the dome,  
And gild the glories of our common home.

## VII.

Shall we then tread upon our sacred trust;  
And those brave hearts disgrace,  
Who lifted Freedom's banner from the dust  
Before a tyrant's face?  
Shall Church and Pulpit fail before the Stage?  
Preachers displease and dramatists engage?  
Shall Doubt eclipse the struggling light

Of Truth divine ? or Falsehood veil its charm ?  
Shall Wrong and Error supersede the Right ?  
And shed abroad a chill, infectuous blight,  
Like to the dark discomfiture of night,  
Clouding the genial noonday of Reform ?

## VIII.

From the harsh mountain-vallies of the North,  
To odorous gardens of the sunny South,  
Our young Republic, to the World, holds forth  
Her wondrous record of a century's growth.  
When Greece and Rome are buried in decay ;  
And Gaul disowns the glories of her day :  
When conquering Prussia shall forget her power,  
And the fierce Northern Bear in weakness cower  
Within his snow-clad caverns, tame and mild,  
Where Arctic tempests drive their hissing shower  
O'er lone Siberia's cold and trackless wild.  
When Pyramids, and Pantheon's brazen wall,  
Fragments of grandeur into dust shall fall :  
When chivalrous Spain bequeaths her jewel'd crown  
To mouldering Royalty, shrin'd in old renown ;  
And Britain, mistress of the main,  
Forgets her plenipotence on the battle-plain,  
And to the universe no longer shows  
Her van, unbroken by a thousand foes.  
When every pillar of her senatorial pride  
Shall have decay'd as Burke and Chatham died.  
Then shall America, in lusty youth,  
Shaking her locks invincible, arise ;  
A pastoral David in defence of Truth,  
Against the godless Gathian, who defies  
To-day the fearless champion of our faith,  
Mocking his puny form ;  
But destined to oprobrious death,  
When wakes the slumbering potency of Reform.

## IX.

Then shall her name, emblazon'd in the scroll  
 Of mighty nationhood, boast Britannia's soul;  
 Emulate her fair embellishments of art,  
 And strengthen intrepidity with Virtue's part.  
 Fair clime, with every blessing stor'd,  
 Where Nature's choicest bounties meet,  
 While infant Freedom wields her flaming sword,  
 Swift shalt thou spurn the tyrants' feet.  
 The charter our brave fathers gave,  
 Sure safeguard of our dearest rights;  
 In patriots' heart blood ratified, shall wave,  
 Sing'd with the flashes of a hundred fights.  
 A nation's soul shall ever swell for thee,  
 Beloved sire! immortal WASHINGTON!  
 Whose brazen pillar is the victory  
 Beneath thy banner won.  
 A nation lisps with reverence thy name,  
 Whose dust reposes in her urn of fame,  
 Thou proud descendant of a noble line,  
 O'er whom we weep, and oft rejoice;  
 Whose votarists fly to Joy or Sorrow's shrine,  
 At Grief or Glory's voice.

## X.

A nation garnished with umbrageous dress,  
 Whom all the riches of abundance bless;  
 Where Nature ever wears her brightest smile,  
 And where the softest sunbeams rise,  
 At morn, to greet the stolid eyes  
 Of man, the only vile.  
 Majestic rivers, green, unbroken vales,  
 And mountain peaks, where winter's blast prevails;  
 Broad, verdant plains, that smilingly invite  
 Creation's sons, the loftiest and the least,  
 To share unbought the lordly feast,  
 Of their unshorn delight.

Grand are our halls of academic lore,  
Illustrious as e'er rose  
In Attica divine,  
Where cool Ilissus thro' green labyrinths flows,  
Or round the Delphic shrine,  
Where, to the Pythian Priestess, oft unclosed  
The mystic oracles of Helle's classic shore.  
Once o'er old Parnassus' mountain,  
Clouds of deepest darkness hung;  
And o'er Phrygia's hallowed fountain,  
Where the tuneful Sisters sung.  
Once in the Stoic philosophic school  
Of Athens, did the barbarous rod  
Of dark Idolatry's despotic rule  
Constrain the spirit to forsake its God;  
For ideal glories of the Olympian throne,  
To bend in worship to the speechless stars,  
Or rear its altar to the Great Unknown,  
As on the mount of Mars.  
'Tis sad, when godly Reason sinks to sleep  
Beneath the shadows of the spirit's night;  
But pitying angels stoop to weep,  
When apathetic slumbers steep  
The soul, illumed with fair Religion's light.  
Ours is no age of darkness, as the night  
In which the Athenian Deism took its flight  
From orb to orb, in ceaseless round—  
Seeking, in Lyceum grove or Academic bow'r,  
The mighty presence of that Nameless Pow'r,  
Believed but never found.  
We grasp God's own hereditary Word,  
Propitiously bestow'd  
On men whose hearts with inspiration glow'd,  
Unsheathing bright the Spirit's trenchant sword.  
And, while the fabric of our Union stands  
To fling its shadow o'er surrounding lands,  
Let us rejoice that not o'er fields of blood—  
From which the cypress garland springs,  
And Valor's death-cry starkly rings—



Shines our ascending star of nationhood.  
Industrious Art quiescent reigns,  
Unfrighted by the din of War;  
Cities arise, and o'er our fruitful plains,  
No bleeding form is crush'd 'neath Battle's flaming car.  
And are we feeble in the midst of strength?  
Nerveless to rise at Duty's stern demand?  
Is this broad realm throughout its breadth and length --  
Proudly unique, magnificently grand --  
The weak compages of a pamper'd land?  
O Pilgrim Fathers! frugal and austere --  
Favored of Heaven, ensamples of great men --  
Could ye, in this Centennial year,  
In spirit forms to these your sons appear,  
Should they not rise again?  
Rise to the noble manhood of great deeds,  
The deserted path of glory to retrace,  
Scorning the puny strife of sects and creeds  
Which disunites our race.  
Turning, with hope, to that unfailing source  
Of national prosperity and peace --  
That fountain of indomitable force --  
The calm and godly fellowship of grace  
In Mother Church; who erst, with matchless power  
And strong defensive art,  
Performed her heavenly Primate's part,  
And gave deliverance in the darkest hour.  
Behold, she standeth in rejected love  
Waiting the summons to assist and teach,  
With her eternal precepts from above,  
Given with the Spirit's faculty of speech  
In Pentacostal shower.  
Let every heart her mediatory voice  
Invoke to save from that ineffable loss  
Of Christian Faith -- the soul's sublimest choice.  
And with the symbol of a conquering Cross  
Upon our banners laid,  
We'll march to victory 'neath its glorious shade,  
As once the Roman march'd, in martial pomp array'd.

## XI.

See yon unlearned sovereign of Content  
Beside his cottage door ;  
Far from all civic strife, abased and poor,  
The tranquil current of his life is spent,  
Nature protends the bounties of the land,  
It's wealth and beauty with a kindly smile ;  
Giving to Labor's rough and horny hand  
The rich and honest recompense of toil.  
His shoulders, brawny as the stalwart oak,  
Submissive wear their six days' yoke ;  
And on the smiling Sabbath morn,  
With heart attuned to love,  
He bends in worship to the throne above,  
And grateful thanks extol its blest return.  
He pleads for grace, and his petitions bear  
A faith unshaken in his Father's care.  
He reaps the harvest of supreme delight—  
The spirit's tranquil rest—  
And each successive Sabbath rite  
Brings richer store of gladness to his breast.  
With love to Him, whose bounties never fail,  
He meets his friend beside the altar rail,  
Where the old pastor of the simple throng—  
Feeble in frame, but in the spirit strong—  
Spreads forth the Gospel's gracious treat,  
While humble suppliants gather round  
With perfect hope of promise crown'd,  
Treading the sacred courts with reverent feet.  
To Heaven's seraphic legions rise  
Melodious songs sublime and grand,  
As swell'd, o'er Olivet, the listening skies  
When Christ ascended with His bright-wing'd band.

## XII.

Delightful sound, compared with city's din,  
Where Fashion, rolling on the wheels of sin,  
Enters the transept with imperious gait,

Where venal seculars obsequious wait,  
Scarce half awake, to let My Lady through  
In satin flounces to her cushion'd pew.  
The organ's voice the tedious hour beguiles,  
Obedient to the sovereign will  
Of some well-paid professor's skill,  
And rolls harmonious down the fretted aisles.  
Anon some train'd and practic'd tongues  
Their light allegros bring ;  
For anthem strains and solemn breathing songs  
Might poorly please the ears for which they sing.  
With fluent oratory and high-sounding speech,  
The Apostle's charge beneath his eyes,  
The reverent coxcomb next begins to preach,  
And—filled with folly—bids men to be wise.  
With homily from some poet's page,  
Or essayist in prose,  
Descriptive of the antelucan age,  
His smooth oration like a ballad flows.  
With touching pathos, epigram and jest,  
He oversteps the limit of his time ;  
And even assails the apathetic breast  
With borrow'd tropes, and sentences sublime.  
Nice in discernment, quick to catch a flaw,  
And captious as the Cynic crew  
Who scann'd deep doctrine with a superficial view,  
He draws false inferences from Nature's law.  
'Till in his intellectual war—  
His laboring of a shallow mind—  
He mounts imagination's car  
And leaves the substance far behind.  
But naught on earth endures for aye ;  
And now his dull harrangue is closed,  
While drowsy souls, with eyelids discomposed,  
Forth from the drama negligently stray—  
Fearing the service has invaded "tea,"  
Or "that engagement with dear Mrs. B,"  
Whose son, 'tis rumored, has returned from Yale—

A splendid "catch" for some one, smart and rich—  
"Dear Mrs. B, she looks so horrid pale—  
And Fannie snubb'd him t'other day—the witch!"

## XIII.

These are the solemn musings of the mind,  
As here and there the motly concourse wind;  
'Till, thron'd at home in all the pomp of state,  
Of parlor sofas, high back'd chairs,  
Piano stools, and portraiture antique,  
Lace curtains, cats, aristocratic airs,  
Bald crania, coifs, toupees, and ringlets eke,  
Gay fashion forms the subject of debate.  
The choir's skill—the operatic play—  
That homely couple that came in so late—  
The milliner's store—the lamentable state  
Of that new carpet, almost worn away—  
The broken sidewalk right beside the gate,  
And other current issues of the day.  
The rumor that the Spraggs have gone from town,  
Miss Morgan's marriage, or her aunt's new gown;  
And last, a theme that all may understand,  
The sacerdotal scandal of the land.

## XIV.

Vanity of vanities, and doubly vain  
This fool trap of the mind;  
As wind, that goeth and returns again,  
But leaves no trace behind.  
One generation passes and another comes  
To waste life's fitful breath,  
And fill the vacant places in our homes  
Made by the heartless decimator, Death.  
We cry, improvement is progressing fast,  
That we are grown refined—  
Those superstitious fancies long resigned

First nurtur'd 'mid the darkness of the past.  
That we have found a more efficient speech,  
A surer faith, a more exalted creed  
Than fortune placed within our fathers' reach—  
Whose greatest glory was the warrior's meed.  
True, we are changed, old forms have pass'd away;  
The monstrous mutability of time  
Has brought to desuetude in every clime  
The different manners of their different day.  
Her onward march Discovery pursues,  
Circling the roaring main;  
And proud invention her vast treasure strews  
To gild her joyous reign,  
But often in the swiftest flight  
And fame of her beneficent career,  
Her soul outleaps the glorious light  
Of Virtue, Heaven's Evangel in the rear.  
If in our breasts the fount of Knowledge flows  
To irrigate this fair and fruitful West;  
If all the wealth that infant Art bestows  
Conspires to make us blest,  
Then are we burden'd with the greater blame  
When sins apparent make that knowledge lame;  
More than the Hindoo, whose untutor'd mind,  
With dreams of virtue, vague and undefin'd,  
Dead to the mystic oracles of grace,  
And scarce superior to the brainless brute,  
Which treads its dull and thoughtless race,  
Ignoring evil only by its fruit.  
Strange is the lot of man; but oh! how strange  
His proud desires! that sweep from pole to pole;  
Where through the darkness, like lost stars, they range  
Beyond this sunless heaven of the soul.  
The wing'd thoughts that, through unbounded space,  
Like wandering meteors infinitely blaze;  
Alone, unseen, creation's realm they trace,  
And even upon God's throne presume to gaze,  
With orbit measureless as the Eternal Will,  
O'er Time's abyss all fetterless they rise,

Their great Creator's mandate to fulfil,  
In bearing mercy from supernal skies,  
They herald down to human ears  
The eternal wonders of the rolling spheres ;  
Or, 'mid the ruins of primeval lore,  
The feeble mewling of an infant Earth—  
The realm of doubtful dogmas they explore,  
To the blind Chance that gave Discovery birth.

## XV.

That puny darling, in the lap of years,  
Hath grown to nervous stature, and her stride  
Is o'er the limit of man's hopes and fears,  
Into a vast Futurity untried.  
Hath she the lamp of virtue for her guide ?  
The sword of truth fast girdled to her side,  
To smite the ranks of error far and wide  
Down the broad stream where Science swiftly steers ?  
If no, 'twere safer to remain  
Involved in ancient gloom,  
Than barter thus for certain death and pain  
A brute's fortuitous doom.  
The softest smile and smoothest air  
Are but the masks of grief and care—  
The loveliest floral gem that glints  
In Morn's glad eye with dewy suit,  
Despite the resplendence of its tints,  
May have the noxious reptile at its root.  
Temptation now, as prior to our fall,  
Stands in the way or comes alike to all ;  
And learning's boon the least 'neath heaven  
By man should be desired—  
For, wheresoever much is given  
There much shall be required.  
Tho' oft the sumptuous miser's door  
Is passed with envy by the grumbling poor,  
Plenty begrudges Poverty her joys,

And Poverty for plenty sighs.  
 Content is sapient, to her lot resign'd—  
 Ambition never gratified, Desire never satisfied,  
 And fickle Lust, deformed and blind,  
 Are envious of her lowly mind.  
 Wisdom—reputed crown of peace—  
 Is held responsible for more;  
 'Till, as the stern demands increase,  
 She yearns her treasures to restore.  
 Aliens are Avarice and Ease;  
 One full inspired with greed,  
 Grasping at every charm she sees,  
 Yet never potent to surpass her need.  
 Thus discontent pervades the lot of man:  
 He strives to obtain what mortals never can,  
 'Till vain contention sours and curses life,  
 Merging the soul in endless strife.  
 When shall we learn to be content  
 With whatso'er kind Heaven hath sent?  
 When shall the seraph Truth unfold  
 The magic of her charm?  
 Or her great Sire, the Paraclete of old,  
 Arouse man's spirit to its last Reform?

## XVI.

When Rome's proud flag triumphant was unfurl'd,  
 And flung its shadow o'er a conquer'd world,  
 Her annals still can tell  
 What virtue fed the holy flame  
 That lit with glory her resplendent name,  
 The victor's deathless spell.  
 There senator and plebeian, fast allied,  
 Stood link'd indissolubly side by side;  
 Together stem'd the rushing tide  
 Of Vandal hosts in fire and flood;  
 Together, nerved with patriot pride,  
 In danger adamantine stood.  
 Brave Quintas there, at Duty's call,

Forsook his calm secluded home,  
And bared his sword to stand or fall  
Beneath the eagle flag of Rome,  
He left untill'd his little field  
The sceptre of the State to wield;  
Leading her iron legion band  
Against a barbarous foe;  
Whose bravery with trenchant brand  
He wasted at a blow,  
Only to fly from pomp and praise,  
To lead his lone sequester'd life,  
And wear, exempt from public gaze,  
The laurels won in strife.  
There was a patriot, tried and true,  
To loyalty's demand;  
Who from the field of victory flew  
The applauses of his land.  
Where, in this Commonwealth of ours,  
Such heroes shall we find;  
Where, in the shadow of Columbian bowers,  
Exists so pure immaculate a mind?  
If such there be it burns within the breast  
Of the rude Indian in his native wild,  
Rather than in proud Civilization's child  
By God's rich bounty blest.  
In him is honor—man's sublimest creed—  
And truth to those by whom he is distressed,  
Tho' driven by cold rapacity and greed  
Beyond the cradle of his father's rest.  
By leagues disgraced, by broken plights,  
By claims usurp'd and swords imbued  
With blood of men whom Mercy slights,  
And forces from their natal rights  
In starving bands bereft and rude.

## XVII.

Babylon, the greater, yet shall fall  
'Neath the stern stroke of Heaven's avenging rod;  
Plague, Famine and grim War, shall hang their pall



O'er this broad realm of blasphemy and fraud.  
 That doom is ours which in Belshazzar's hall  
 Blaz'd forth, the fiery literature of God,  
 If we return not to the path of right,  
 The path our fathers' footsteps trac'd,  
 When Freedom's star descended bright  
 Above their first red field of fight :  
 Ere we, by craven deeds disgrac'd,  
 Bent to that base poltroonery of heart,  
 That longing after power and pelf,  
 To seize, by vile deceptive art,  
 A fellow's unpretending part,  
 To sate the hungry monster, Self.

## XVIII.

The surest presage of the swift decline  
 Of realm, or race, however fair,  
 Is when its sons begin to shine  
 In Fashion's fascinating glare.  
 And shall that magisterial Power  
 That Nineveh's destruction plann'd,  
 Forbid the shaft of death to lower  
 In ruin o'er this wanton land ?  
 Shall we, because our birthright is the West,  
 Escape unscath'd, and be accounted blest ?  
 Or shall the sword, that in Senacherib's day  
 Was drawn on sin, with us forbear to slay ?  
 The page of history stands replete  
 With tales of woe 'twere bootless to repeat ;  
 Destructive famine, Plague and Pest,  
 Together yoked in Death's sepulchral car—  
 All earthly ills that fright the breast,  
 In life's tumultuous war.  
 We read that Ocean has o'erleap'd her bound,  
 And sweeps resistless o'er forbidden ground ;  
 Now swelling onward, now retreating back,  
 She spreads subversion in her wasteful track.  
 O'er fair Kentucky's fruitless plains

Gaunt Famine points her shaft to slay ;  
And Hunger, blue-lip'd, in her clanking chains,  
Stalks forth to seek her prey.  
Nature, the mother of our first desires,  
Hath clos'd her vast exuberant magazine ;  
And, mocking while her child expires,  
Fulfils the ordinance of that Soul unseen,  
Who from his sovereign universal plan  
Makes mighty instruments to punish man.

## XIX.

And yet behold the wrinkled face of Earth,  
On Izamora, 'mid the bounding main ;  
The fierce volcano leaps to frenzied birth  
And shoots red columns o'er the smoking plain.  
In ocean's wide expanse appears  
What lay submerg'd since man's primeval years ;  
And, far from Continental land,  
The stark and stormy billows are replac'd,  
Where, lifted by the Eternal Hand,  
Rich verdure rises from the blue cold waste,  
A quicken'd flood from earth's deep bosom breaks  
In purling streamlet, and sequester'd lakes.  
Such strange mutations surely are design'd  
To show how Nature reverences her God,  
And force reflection on man's mind  
Whene'er he walks abroad.  
The universe is rul'd by laws  
Unknown to mortal mind ;  
And Nature from Heaven's cornucopia draws  
The loveliest atom that the eye can find.  
The lowliest floral gem that lives  
In summer's mossy velvet shrinking ;  
Extols the God whose bounty gives  
The dew its thirsty lips are drinking.  
With pinions bickering in the breeze of morn  
The busy bee doth hum ;  
And, sipping nectar from the rudest thorn,

Discants God's praise when nobler mouths are dumb.  
 The fairest picture that the eyes behold,  
 Of summer glory or autumnal gold ;  
 O'er lowly vales that from the noonbeam hide,  
 Or loftier verdure of the mountain side ;  
 The heart grown arrogant with favor's taint,  
 Heaven's fond indulgence to insatiate greed,  
 Wasteful in fullness, fretful in restraint,  
 Proudly demands for its exclusive need.

## XX.

What claim have we upon our Father's care,  
 More than the feeblest song-bird of the air,  
 The prowling denizen of the wood,  
 Or monarch of the mighty plain ;  
 The scaly offspring of the leaping flood,  
 Or wondrous manatee of the boundless main ?  
 Formed in His image—we admit the fact ;  
 But did not sorrow crown the creative act ?  
 And where did Heaven's repentance mar the plan  
 In any mortal work, save that of man ?  
 'Twas sin enfeebled the celestial force  
 That bound his spirit to its deathless Source.  
 And man was left, divorce'd of hope,  
 A waif in this dim wilderness of earth,  
 With all the arts of hostile hell to cope,  
 Unblest by peace or pleasure of his birth.

## XXI.

" But was that bond of favor not restor'd,  
 When on the cross our Paraclete and Lord,  
 Made free oblation of his guiltless blood  
 To save His creatures from the curse of God ?"  
 The objector queries—nor dare we deny  
 The truth, embodie'd in the terse reply.  
 But does not every moral law declare—

Go, search the Scripture and you'll find it there,  
No soul from that atonement e'er shall win  
Death's commutation while it lives in sin.  
And who is perfect? Ask thy heart  
If it hath no deformity nor fraud,  
Which from thy fellow, nice dissembling art  
May hide, but not from God.  
And shall we nurture in an age like this,  
Our ideal fancies of celestial bliss?  
Shall we assert the sole, exclusive right  
To tread the courts of sempeternal light;  
When man, the only life that mourns,  
The corypheus of created dust,  
In whom the Eternal Essence burns,  
Hath fallen from his high delegated trust?  
But man may soar to his primeval pride,  
'Neath the bright banner of divine Reform;  
And, with Jehovah's lightning in his arm,  
With seraphs seated side by side,  
In Heaven's ascending chariot ride,  
As he who rose o'er Jordan's tide,  
In fiery mantled form.

## XXII.

Reform has sounded o'er the billowy seas,  
And swells to-day upon our Northern breeze;  
A bootless watchword, since the infant day  
Of fair Columbia's civilization grand,  
When, in the mellow smile of autumn's golden ray,  
The Latin's prow first kiss'd our laughing strand.  
But not whilom in transatlantic climes,  
The branch hath withered been;  
Where monuments, that speak to latest times,  
On every side are seen.  
And though the fair evangelist Reform,  
With sister Truth may slumber for awhile,  
'Till Error, stalking with uncovered form,

Shake her grim sceptre o'er the quaking soil;  
'Tis but one cycle 'ere she start to life,  
Nerv'd, and awaken'd to her latest strife;  
One transient lustrum 'till her foe shall groan,  
And, toppling downward from her sable throne,  
Peans of praise to Heaven shall rise,  
As when from Wittenberg's undaunted dome,  
While rapture thrill'd the listening skies,  
Truth's bolt of thunder smote the walls of Rome.  
And, far as light, the echo swept away,  
That spoke the dawn of a serener day.  
Bigotry blasphem'd; and Superstition's child  
Unsheath'd his sword in sanctified alarm;  
And, from the martyrdom of Smithfield, pil'd  
A breathing sacrifice to Reform.  
'Tis surely dangerous to assail  
With rebel force the powers that be;  
Even though within the tyrant's pale,  
We rear the banner of the free.  
But baneful 'tis to common weal,  
When royal despots strive to bind  
What stronger are than temper'd steel—  
The full and free credenda of the mind.  
Religious dogmas are more potent far,  
Than conquerors deck'd with all the spoils of war;  
For, in the boundless realm of Truth,  
No sophistry can change;  
Where Faith pursues in early youth,  
The path from which her footsteps never range.  
And tho' the tempests of affliction roll,  
Sirocco-like, from pole to pole,  
Though war, disease, and hollow-visag'd care,  
With carrion odors load the stinking air;  
Though nature pour destructive draughts  
On every breeze our planet wafts,  
Though Learning mock the longing mind,  
And Reason wander, mutely blind,  
Or like the moth which leaves the darksome night,  
And, tortured, dies in its beloved light.

Truth, in her temple, shall serenely stand,  
While Ruin wastes the affrighted land.  
That glorious fabric which of old  
Was founded on the Eternal Rock,  
O'er which the circling years have roll'd,  
The Atheist's wrath, the Sceptic's scornful mock,  
Aristotelian heat, and Stoic cold;  
When Time's sovereignty shall have ceas'd,  
May fall, at Man's immortal birth,  
And Truth, from every foe releas'd,  
Shall reign when Heaven descends to earth.

## XXIII.

The homilist's labor may delight the heart,  
But surely 'tis severe;  
Lavishing tropes of oratoric art,  
To please a stolid apathetic ear.  
Plac'd 'neath the public's most observant gaze,  
Subject alike to censure as to praise,  
If in his warmest appreciations rise,  
Words sprung from inadvertence of the brain,  
How soon the captious crew's distended eyes  
Express reproof as meritless as plain.  
The pompous Churchman, should he dare to read,  
One word beyond his liturgy and creed,  
T'is fear'd he's Methodistical in view,  
And makes an op'ning to let schism through.  
Should Puritan conventiclers forbear,  
With Wesley's presbyters to rave and rant;  
Should they the garb of moderation wear,  
While ordering loudly to the general want;  
Should milder reason regulate their speech,  
And teach them temperance, with the art to preach,  
'Twould bring dishonor on the Apostolate,  
A nauseous savor of the Episcopate.

## XXIV.

If Heaven's delightful refuge must be sought,  
Thro' every tenent by sectarians taught ;  
If no salvation could possess the soul,  
While insubordinate to church control ;  
If 'twere decreed that guilty man might pass  
From earth to heaven, by scapular or mass ;  
If frequent offerings happiness might win,  
Or tithes ensure deliverance from sin ;  
Then might the child of destitution rue  
The fate, which barr'd him from that blest abode ;  
Then might the needle pass the camel through,  
And man impute a falsehood to his God.

## XXV.

One old Athenian did instruct mankind,  
To indulge the sense, but keep the ethics free ;  
To please the man, but purify the mind ;  
As if the mind acknowledged Nature's plea.  
To observe most rigorously all moral laws,  
And yield support to every worthy cause ;  
In short to enjoy whatever joy is given,  
Since pleasure's passion is the bliss of Heaven.

## XXVI.

Another says, by *fortune* we exist ;  
No power to save, but virtue to assist ;  
Things are material, matter never dies ;  
And man is happy as his soul is wise.  
Gods live exalted in their heavenly sphere,  
But careless live, of our existence here.  
And tho' no sweets of hope and love  
Our orisons and praise dictate,  
Yet, deified and thron'd above,  
'Tis fit to reverence their superior state.

## XXVII.

Thus syren Error, since the world began,  
In garb of truth, has misinstructed man ;  
And still directs him from the beaten way,  
In dark conjecture's labyrinths to stray.  
Like some lone traveler in the thicket lost,  
Who finds his way with thorny furze o'ercrost,  
Some more inviting prospect lures him back,  
Where, to the genial sunbeam drawn,  
Unnumber'd paigles prink the emerald lawn ;  
And, pleas'd he treads along the smoother track,  
'Till from the path of duty stray'd,  
'Mid doubt, and dark uncertainty, he sees,  
While groping blindly in the treacherous shade,  
The distant sunlight glimmering through the trees.  
'Tis thus the souls of men behold,  
While struggling thro' the maze of sin,  
Like winged arrows tip'd with gold,  
The Gospel sunbeams breaking in.  
First, dawning on the darken'd sight,  
'Mid clouds that mar its calm resplendent power ;  
In mercy gleams the heavenly light,  
To guide our footsteps in affliction's hour.  
But when, illumined with the hallow'd flame,  
We feel the glow that grief can never tame,  
How soon, as from the planet's blaze,  
Its soften'd lustre is diffus'd around,  
'Till its divinely cheering rays  
Reach other souls in darkness bound.

## XXVIII.

Then rise up Zion ! in thy beauteous pride ;  
Our queenly paraclete, and Messiah's bride ;  
Make pure thy sacred shrine once more,  
And gather home thy scatter'd flock ;  
Be thou our paradise for evermore,  
Safe builded on the Eternal Rock,



Let thy fair Fountain's superabundant light,  
Reflected shine serenely bright;  
And as the mists descend the mountain's brow  
When morning's beams with glad effulgence glow,  
So let the phantom of man's unbelief  
Forevermore depart;  
'Till Joy ascend the throne of Grief  
And reign in every heart.  
Then, when the Godhead shall unclithe his arm,  
Shall Time unfold the Banner of Reform,  
And usher in the sweet millennial reign  
Of heavenly rapture, and of halcyon calm;  
When with a child to stroke his Royal mane,  
The Libyan lion shall slumber with the lamb.  
When the fierce leopard, and the kidling yung,  
Shall feed together in the grassy glen;  
The infant dally with the aspic's forked tongue,  
Or lay its hand upon the cockatrice's den.

## XXIX.

This is the glory of man's last reform,  
Glimmering like sunlight o'er the poet's dream;  
Who like a child, with yet unsinew'd arm,  
Staggers along beneath his weighty theme.  
Unskill'd to pluck from wisdom's lofty boughs,  
The riper fruit that in the sunbeam grows,  
My crude, insipid treasure ta'en  
From thorny groundsel dwarf'd and bare,  
Must have perforce, a transient reign,  
And perish when it tastes the air.  
But let it from remembrance fade,  
And rot as nobler things have done;  
My task is o'er, my filligrane is spun,  
While I, safe nestled in oblivion's shade,  
Still love all men though pleasing none.

## THE VIRTUES—A MONOLOGUE.

BOOK I.

## FAITH.

The Just shall live by Faith.—GAL. iii. 2, HAB. ii. 4.

First-born of virtue, daughter of the skies ;  
Nursling of truth divine.—POLLOK.

## I.

Spirit of light, to earth descending,  
Subtilest essence of deathless joy ;  
Sister of Hope, conceived on high,  
Maker and mortal, in beauty blending ;  
Parent of Pleasure, and child of Truth,  
Bath'd in the mystical fount of youth ;  
The strength of the hero, the lore of the sage,  
The promise of childhood, the hope of age ;  
The beacon that guides us day by day,  
Down the billowy stream of life ;  
Lighting forever, with undimm'd ray,  
The lonely heart in its darkest strife.  
Nearest, and dearest, of all beneath,  
Or the ranks of the heavenly host among.  
Comforting spirit of life and death,  
Thee, O Faith ! does the voice of song,  
Crown with an amaranthine wreath.

## II.

Sweet flower, at earth's creation glowing,  
Where man's primeval lot was laid ;  
Where Chaldea's odorous breezes blowing,  
Kiss'd the four streams from Eden flowing,  
Was thy fair form in infancy array'd.  
When for the fruit of death and pain,

In dark temptation's hour,  
 The longings of desire were felt,  
 And sin defiled the blest domain,  
 Where man first felt the syren's power,  
 And God's own glory dwelt,  
 When from that God, repentant, came  
 To Lamech's son, the stern command  
 Of ruin, to an unconscious land;  
 When were destroy'd in wrath, and shame,  
 The well-wrought creatures of a plastic hand.  
 There in one bosom, did thy form abide,  
 Strong to redeem the ruined hope of man;  
 Whose Gopher Ark was rear'd on heavenly plan,  
 Haply by Kufa's walls, or Ctesiphon's sweet side.  
 'Ere yet one symbol hung upon the sky,  
 To speak the ruin pending nigh.  
 The child of flesh was doubly saved by faith,  
 First in the covenant of mercy given;  
 And last when, from the dismal womb of Death,  
 Life rose rejoicing to its native heaven.

### III.

"But does the moral code demand no more?"  
 The theologian cries.  
 "Do you the sovereign law of deeds despise,  
 Setting, where merit nor distinction lies,  
 One virtue paramount and far before?  
 Will you the requirements of Love dismiss,  
 And true obedience? Prythee tell me this?  
 If on one pedestal, and only one,  
 The strong foundation of your hopes you place,  
 If from this fount all peace serene is drawn,  
 What need of Justice, decalogue or grace?"

### IV.

Well granted then; the Gospel claims your love,  
 And just obedience to the Power above.  
 How know you this? "My Bible tells me so—

A cyclopædia placed in all men's reach."  
 You read that Bible, and believe it true  
 In every tenent that its precepts teach.  
 Without Belief, you cannot hope to win  
 The full and free remission of your sin.  
 Belief's the duplicate of Faith, and so  
 By reason's rule we find  
 That from each fault and failing of the mind,  
 Your absolution to your faith you owe.  
 That wondrous substance of celestial things,  
 Which evermore hath been,  
 Peace to the poor, and royalty to kings,  
 A "perfect evidence of things not seen,"  
 By which we know the universe was fram'd,  
 And ocean circled with a solid wall,  
 'Ere Heaven's etherial essence flam'd  
 In man, and made him lord of all.  
 By which, at Zarapath, the prophet pray'd  
 For strength divine, and reinspired the dead.  
 By which, at Jordan's sunny stream,  
 To his immortal soul was given,  
 As in the transport of a happy dream,  
 Unbought with pain the peace of Heaven.

## V.

Again, sweet seraph, wer't thou seen of old,  
 On lone Moriah's grassy mantled slope;  
 Where, by the voice of duteous love control'd,  
 Thou led'st thy cherish'd lamb from out its fold,  
 And, hand in hand with thy meek sister Hope,  
 Stretch'd the hewn fagots on the altar stone;  
 And 'neath the pitiful surveillance of day,  
 With thy long locks on Judah's breezes blown,  
 Uprais'd thy weapon'd arm to slay;  
 'Till, at the lingering stroke of death,  
 The voice of Mercy rent the sky—  
 Withhold thy hand, O child of Faith!  
 Thy seed shall never die.

## VI.

Ye thoughtless souls, o'er whom the blighting breath  
Of stern affliction, never yet hath pass'd ;  
Who never mourn'd beside the couch of death,  
Nor saw, thro' blinding tears, the last  
Expiring beam the spirit cast  
From the fed altar of unwavering faith.  
Fond-hearted parents, 'on whom heaven hath smil'd  
And bestow'd the treasure of an obedient child.  
Or you who boast a more abundant dower,  
A richer gleanings from the fields of bliss ;  
Who giv'st, at evening's hallow'd hour,  
To many mouths, the long expected kiss.  
If, at this hour, the Almighty should demand,  
The fairest flower of your fiducial band ;  
If Love were powerless from pain to save,  
The gentle being that its passion gave.  
Would you, the parent and the sacrificant priest,  
Prepare as readily the murderous knife,  
And lull the horror of your own mad breast  
While robbing his of life?

## VII.

What charm of earth is half so fair  
As Faith, embosom'd in a gentle child ?  
Whose speaking glance, and sweet confiding air,  
That owns dependence on another's care,  
Evince the mind by falsehood undefil'd.  
Such faith in love as once imbued  
The boy who, smiling, look'd around,  
The while his sire, to prove him, stood  
And held, where wild Cheronderoga frown'd,  
His fearless form above the dashing flood.  
When after question'd if he felt no fright,  
While gazing down the torrent's giddy height ;  
Where wave on wave, in fierce electric flight,

Leaps down the rocky perpendicular wall;  
 Answer'd with face suffus'd in light,  
 "Papa was there and would'nt let me fall."

## VIII.

Oh! well for man if, when the tempest's wrath  
 With invious fury beats upon his path,  
 When misery broods incumbent o'er the mind,  
 And hope's bright star, with bickering beam,  
 Like autumn's sun, is veil'd behind  
 The leaden fronted clouds, that stream  
 In dark procession on the surging wind.  
 When friends forsake, and danger's shafts assail;  
 Imposture reigns, and foul deceits prevail.  
 When, thron'd in ease, the filthy soul of pride  
 Views with disgust the squalor of the poor;  
 And, from the voice of penury, would hide  
 Within her damned, inhospitable door.  
 'Twere surely well, if from the mournful scene,  
 The soul might gaze expectant and serene;  
 And sorrow grave upon her cypress pall,  
 While bending lonely o'er affection's tomb—  
 My Sire forbids this trembling soul to fall,  
 Down the dark vortex of eternal doom.

## IX.

A sovereign precept, sweet and pure,  
 Is found in childhood's perfect trust;  
 A balm angelica, to cure  
 The high blown glory of maturer dust.  
 The man whose mind admires nor loves,  
 The path where innocence roves,  
 As that bright galaxy, sublime and broad,  
 Where Plato, Socrates, and Tully trod;  
 Where Archias trembled on his bright wing'd feet,  
 Bathed in the sunshine of etherial heat;  
 Where Milton soar'd, majestically grand,

High o'er the glimmerings of cimmerian night,  
 Stretching aloft his heaven aspiring hand  
 For other fruits than charm'd the Stagyrite.  
 Who scorns the thought of simple age,  
 All passionate and warm,  
 But in the cold Athenian sage,  
 Sees everything to charm ;  
 Submits, where Science sternly seeks  
 To rule the soul with philosophic rod ;  
 Nor hears, when wiser Nature speaks  
 Through untaught lips, the immutable will of God.  
 Thus, thirsty souls have ever found  
 Wisdom's most pure and salutary stream,  
 To gush from nature's hallow'd ground,  
 And, with ten thousand mirrors, seem  
 To catch the impulse of a Form  
 Forever fair in calm or storm.  
 Witness, sweet sage of Olney, thou !  
 Who with a mind to pensive thought disposed,  
 As the clear lake, whose crystal tinted glow  
 'Neath summer's halcyon beam, delights to show  
 In mimic forms fantastical below,  
 Fair Nature in bright carcanet enclosed.  
 So, with a soul in which all shapes sublime  
 In either realm, alternate glow'd,  
 Thou told'st to man in matchless "lofty rhyme"  
 Nature is vicar to Almighty God.

## X.

"Stand upright on thy feet"—the Prophet cried  
 To Lycaonia's cripple by his side.  
 "What need to linger in thy pain so long,  
 With hope so ardent and thy faith so strong?"  
 He walks, and from that wondering band  
 The voice of heavenly praise resounds ;  
 And streams of grace refresh the land,  
 As Nilus when she bursts her bounds.  
 "Hail, great Mercúrius ! mighty Jove !"

The sons of Lystra shout again—  
“Lo! from their blissful fields above,  
The gods are come in forms of men.  
Bring forth, to every thronging gate,  
The garlands and the spice;  
And let the priests with incense wait  
To render sacrifice.”

## XI.

Ask, saith the Saviour, and ye shall receive,  
Whate'er the gift, provided ye believe.  
Mark the condition of the soul's demand,  
On Christ, our glorious Conqueror of death;  
A hope whose architrave and columns, stand  
On the firm base of adamant Faith.  
Which, if no doubt nor deed defile,  
Ye too may blast the fruitless tree;  
And say to yonder mountain pile—  
Go, cast thy pillars in the sea!  
“You mean to assume”—The disputant replies—  
“That temporal peace in man's attainment lies,  
If Faith, the elixir of your moral law,  
Exist unweaken'd and without a flaw.  
To bless and rebeautify the mighty plan,  
Marr'd by the peccancy of worthless man.  
Your ideal theory must establish sin,  
The souls' depravity made doubly plain;  
Ill deeds external, or ill thoughts within,  
Alike resulting in disease and pain.  
Man might traduce his fellow, pillage, steal,  
And raise his arm against the general weal,  
Defending acts, howe'er unjust and grave,  
With this assurance that belief will save.”



## XII.

A misperception of sound faith, my friend !  
 Anoint thine eye's strabismus, and behold  
 The plainer point to which our reasons tend—  
 That man's eternal fortune is control'd,  
 As a frail vessel on the stormy main,  
 Reeling and shivering in the tempest's breath,  
 Her main sheet Love, and Hope her anchor chain,  
 Good works her tiller, and her pilot FAITH.  
 Without whose judgment to direct and guide,  
 The bark must founder in the heaving tide.  
 Sin's interdicted, and no soul can draw  
 Support from truth, to violate her law ;  
 Though one well lighten'd did whilom concede,  
 That faith might save without the authentic deed.  
 And he who hopes, through licit acts, to evade  
 Or even conciliate the judicial curse,  
 Flattering his soul that when all men are weigh'd,  
 Some others may be found as bad, and worse ;  
 Who makes desire subserve his stronger will  
 In laudable deeds, solicitous to fulfil,  
 Mindless of that which but completes the plan,  
 And moral standard of a christian man ;  
 Like Cain, may murmur at Heaven's disregard,  
 Commend his offering, and esteem it hard  
 That buds of good, should bear the fruits of grief,  
 Unmoistened by the dew drops of belief.

## XIII.

The Christian's part, since Pentecost, design'd,  
 Is to advantage and instruct mankind ;  
 To lead the weary, and allure the gay  
 From sin's broad walk, to God's sublimer way,  
 And not to stand like Agelastus mute,  
 In mirthless syncope and sable suit,  
 While time's swift torrent onward rolls,

In life's Plutonian gate,  
To fight, with grim solemnity, the souls  
That share Religion's dark, unfriended fate.  
In this low realm, where even love is rude,  
If mortal smile, Redemption's children should ;  
Whose faith, when earthly comforts fail,  
May waft their spirits through the shadowy vale,  
And light them onward in their joyous way,  
To that high realm of empyrean day,  
Where angel ministers of peace prepare,  
With meek-eyed Mercy, and her sister Love,  
Those spotless robes, the soul of man shall wear  
In God's eternal Paradise above.

## XIV.

Daughter of Truth ! Oh ! Let thy spirit dwell  
In this fond heart, nor ever from it fly ;  
Though by thy first-born bastardy, man fell  
When Satan said, "Ye shall not surely die."  
For as in love thou gavest the soul to death,  
With equal love thy spirit may recall  
The soul of man from sorrow. O, sweet Faith !  
Bidding us rise triumphant o'er our fall.  
Eternal guardian ! pilot of holiest form !  
Guide our lone bark in its tempestous race,  
And safely weathering every wave and storm,  
Anchor us proudly in the haven of peace.

## BOOK II.

## H O P E .

Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure [and steadfast,  
and which entereth into that within the veil.—HEBREWS vi. 19.

Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band  
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command ;  
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,  
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's Bright career.—CAMPBELL.

## I.

With spirit charm'd to glory's asphodel,  
Day after day, the poet builds amain  
His world of fancies, sapiently and well,  
Studded with gems deep quarried from his brain.  
He sighs, and labors, with incessant care  
To make his darling beautiful and fair ;  
To solemn thoughts oft sacrifices ease,  
And hopes, when polish'd, that his strains will please.  
To every moral exigence inclin'd,  
The fickle fancies of the public mind.  
Too oft dispos'd, in apathy austere,  
To slight the good and draw the hurtful near.  
In former ages, critics little cared  
If songs were graceful, how the import fared ;  
When flowing measures superseded sense,  
And authors wrote at chastity's expense.  
When Britain's drama was a mingled scene  
Of bold-fac'd folly, prurient and obscene ;  
'Ere Shakspeare's histrionism shook the boards,  
And Fancy play'd on Feeling's tenderest chords :  
'Ere Jonson's wit was rendered on the stage ;  
Or Milton's epic purified the age :  
'Ere Drummond's lyrics stirr'd the northern souls,  
Or Liber Pater lent his harp to Knowles ;  
Or satire's arrows at corruption hurl'd,  
Told when a Dryden burst upon the world.

But pure refinement, in this modern day,  
 Examines closely either poem or play,  
 Which, made in scenes of luxury and wealth,  
 Is apt to appear in very dubious health.  
 The pages flowing from the public press,  
 On fashion's frippery, and the rules of dress,  
 Of senseless balderdash, by mischief plan'd,  
 To charm the giddy and corrupt the land.  
 The judicious parent will, 'tis hop'd, discern  
 With grave suspicion, and from watching learn,  
 That neither profit, rectitude, nor right,  
 Can come from trash so malapert and light.

## II.

If this poor hand could learn the sov'reign art,  
 And to the canvas all but life impart;  
 If painting own'd the Muse's sweet command,  
 And doubly crown'd the poet's willing hand;  
 With skilful touch my pigment streaks would show,  
 O'errul'd by fancy's gay capricious choice,  
 Complete in every folly save the voice,  
 A modish belle and her attendant beau.  
 Furbush her first, through deference to the fair,  
 And next the coxcomb to complete the pair.  
 But, weak and diffident, my muse would ask  
 A friend's assistance at the dangerous task,  
 While she relates the wonders that did greet  
 Her roving gaze, while sauntering down the street.  
 One wonder! Aye, a double one forsooth,  
 A two-fold prodigy of perfect growth—  
 A *belle de beau monde* and her *petit maître*,  
 So proud, and deaf to reason's loud complaint,  
 She thought a label pinn'd upon the pair,  
 To read in this wise, would be passing fair—  
 "To Mr. Sillyman—Handle this with care,  
 Keep out of doors, and do not rub the *paint*!"  
 A little lady with coquettish grace,

Wrapp'd in a league or two of Gallic lace ;  
 A quarter acre of superb brocade,  
 That swept the pavement at each step she made ;  
 A coif as lovely as Medusa wore,  
 When Neptune wanton'd in Minerva's bower,  
 'Ere the chaste goddess, anger'd to behold  
 The illicit love, made serpents of her gold.  
 With waist scarce larger than a wasp's, whose head  
 And trunk are join'd by one attenuate thread ;  
 A spinal curvature, in Greece first worn,  
 'Tis held, but Pallas puts the claim to scorn ;  
 Whose full, straight figure in pure marble stands,  
 True to the type of Nature's plastic hands.  
 Not so our damsel who, distorted, kneels  
 In church, or saunters on her patent heels,  
 With skirt uplifted, down the gaping street,  
 To fan the first and lawless fire  
 Of impious thought, or lecherous desire  
 In silly hearts, that corresponsive beat  
 To every motion of her dainty feet.  
 The city belle, whom fashion bears away  
 As ocean toying with her feathery spray ;  
 As Piscator, whose barb'd and gilded bait  
 Allures the watery denizen to its fate.  
 The ghost of manhood that frequents her side,  
 Attends his fautress with obsequious stride ;  
 With lily palms, deterg'd of labor's tan,  
 Bearing his gold tipp'd cane, or lady's fan ;  
 Or, wand'ring oft to his superior lip,  
 Strokes the soft down that yet defies his grip.

### III.

But to return--this uninstruative dream  
 Diverts the mind from her sublimer theme,  
 As the light shaft, sent whistling from the string,  
 Flies like a sunbeam on its rapid wing,  
 Till some opposing current thwart its course

And waste on air its swift but useless force.  
Or as Venator, who fatigued and lame,  
With fruitless efforts to surprise the game,  
Chagrin'd and vex'd from his successless march,  
Calls in his hounds to quit the tedious search ;  
When Lo ! Afar the antler'd stag he sees  
Cropping the tufted herbage at his ease ;  
His eager pack resume the noisy race,  
And Nimrod follows in the furious chase.  
O'er hill and dale his flying feet pursue  
The nimble journey of the clamorous crew,  
Till, led so far from his accustomed track,  
His 'wilder'd sense can scarce conduct him back.

## IV.

We said that Hope inspires poetic lays,  
That claim from all their modicum of praise ;  
When, in defense of virtue's sacred laws,  
The Muse steps forth to aid a worthy cause.  
But not like dews of Helicon to the bard,  
Its filter'd sweets by every bosom shar'd,  
Shed their calm stream where grief and passion rave,  
Like oil that soothes the ocean's stormy wave.  
It tells man's soul the hallow'd morn shall come,  
When songs of praise shall consecrate each home ;  
When vice, that "monster of so hateful mien,"  
Shall lose its semblance so infrequent seen.  
When Zion's sun uprising, shall adorn  
With dazzling beams, the spirit's haleyon morn ;  
When pain shall languish, and the weak grow strong,  
Pale sorrow perish, and each trembling tongue,  
Once more awaken'd to the voice of truth,  
With triumph crown the day's eternal youth.  
Fair friend ! to whom in every grief we fly,  
Within whose shrine the glad and mournful bow,  
We see thy smile in Rapture's sparkling eye,  
And read thy name inscribed on Sorrow's brow.

## V.

While slavery lives, and tyrants wear the frown,  
While Faith is weak or Mercy is cast down ;  
While o'er man's soul the rays of light divine,  
Like cresset beams from heaven's high altar shine ;  
While sober autumn yields to winter's breath,"  
In grave similitude of life and death ;  
While spring revives the glories of the plain,  
Like man, arising to a nobler reign.  
While pain endures, and bitter drops are shed  
To embalm the ashes of the long-lost dead,  
While joy shall bless, or misery mar the mind,  
Or justice perish and leave wrong behind ;  
While love is false, and truth forgets to grace  
The plaintive tale that speaks misfortune's case,  
While moon and star continue in their course,  
And move obedient to celestial force.  
In short, while God's great universe shall roll,  
Or God's great wisdom animate the whole,  
Hope shall not fail, but like a seraph reign  
For man's delight, in her immortal fane ;  
From whose bright arch descending shall extend  
Her arms to bless, deliver and befriend.

## VI.

When pale Disease, with all her ghastly train  
Of feeble fancies, and distressing pain,  
Racks the worn sufferer on his weary bed,  
And Death's pale shadow o'er the features spread,  
Tells how the soul, that waiteth to obey  
The mystic mandate, burns to soar away.  
Can earth, or time, its anxious thoughts control,  
Or soothe the troubles of that restless soul,  
Hovering uncertain, o'er the dark abyss  
That yawns between the eternal world and this ?  
Friends may assemble on the silent shore,

With hearts distrest, and sorrowing to the core,  
 To sigh Farewell! and press the fainting hand,  
 Or e'er the mystic bark forsakes the strand.  
 With mortal vision we may watch and weep  
 The drooping eyelids, as they sink to sleep;  
 Mark the last flickering of the fitful breath,  
 But not the soul as it departs in death.  
 We cannot step beyond that solemn pale,  
 Nor guide its journey through the shadowy vale;  
 But, o'er the senseless ashes, stoop to pray  
 For peace to hover o'er its heavenward way.  
 But Hope, the constant and consoling spright,  
 Spreads her broad wings, and soars beyond our sight,  
 Cheers its departure from the shores of time,  
 And bears it safe to that celestial clime,  
 Where, in the portals of this bright abode,  
 She folds her wings, and dies beside her God.

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BOOK III.

CHARITY.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—I. COR. xiii. 13.

True Charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,  
 Fed by the love from which it rose at first.—COWPER.

I.

The sovereign Power that first brought forth  
 From dim chaotic gloom profound,  
 This fair illimitable earth,  
 When infant Time, in happy birth,  
 From the bright spheres that roll'd around,  
 First caught the planets pealing sound,  
 Creation's earliest mirth;



Rear'd from the dust, when life and love began,  
 A fair, mysterious form, and call'd it man.  
 Cold and insensate as the silent dust  
 Whence it arose, the matchless fabric stood,  
 Till God imbreath'd the soul's immortal trust,  
 And man with life's ethereal essence glow'd.  
 The fleshy torment of mysterious pain—  
 The viewless seraph of eternal Hope—  
 The Faith, that links the mind's invisible chain,  
 And sportive Mirth, whose rosy fingers ope  
 The portal gate to Joy's elysian fane.  
 The pale affrighted minister of Fear,  
 In the calm presence of the laurel'd Dove ;  
 Hate, trending forth with sullen-brow'd Despair,  
 And last sweet Charity, the child of Love.  
 The omnific Mind his matchless work survey'd,  
 Saw what was wanted to complete the plan ;  
 And Charity, in vestal robes array'd,  
 Came forth, and smiled upon the subject man.

## II.

When meash'd and fetter'd in the tempter's snare,  
 The soul to man and friendship's powers appeals,  
 What love, what mercy, crowns the mournful prayer  
 That frames in words the bitter pangs she feels ?  
 The censor's scoff her dark disgraces greets,  
 Opprobrious sneers the love her misery meets,  
 Friend spurning friend, forsakes the sad abode  
 And her, whom scorn confronts along the road.  
 In offensive gratitude all hearts agree,  
 And thank the gods that they are not as she.  
 T'is then that Charity, the heavenly maid,  
 Comes forth and lifts her from oblivion's shade ;  
 Solacious throws her loving arms around,  
 And pours sweet balm in sorrow's bleeding wound ;  
 While with forgiveness importun'd of men,  
 She starts her prosperous in the race again ;

Perhaps to fall, perhaps to redeem her name—  
In either case her purpose is the same :  
To amend if mendable and glory win,  
But if successless guilty of no sin.

## III.

The barbarous savage, full of wonder, finds  
The shipwreck'd mariner struggling with the winds,  
In unknown regions, like a bubble tost  
From ocean's billows on his sea-girt coast ;  
Strange in speech, in feature, and in form,  
In frenzy buffeting the briny wave,  
He finds the pale-fac'd nursling of the storm,  
And lends his efforts to assist and save.  
In fear at first ; his sudden wonder o'er,  
With uncouth signs he warns him from the shore,  
But soon his miseries every power enlist,  
Touch the wild heart, and prompt it to assist ;  
With friendly gestures see the vandals greet  
The helpless stranger, and provide him meat,  
Rest and a shelter though rough rear'd and rude,  
Within a low but hospitable wall,  
Which, where 'tis render'd in less kindly mood,  
Must shame the grandeur of a prouder hall.

## IV.

Disgust may prompt the unthinking heart to hurt  
The noxious reptile wriggling in the dirt,  
For 'tis not love that always can constrain,  
Our just aversion to inflict a pain.  
But Charity supplicates the mind to spare  
The mean existence that demands its care,  
And, reasoning sapiently, from nature draws  
A powerful plea to strengthen Mercy's cause.  
"Mortals, so nearly the brute allied,  
Have naught but sense to mark the better side,

And if the spirit have a separate sphere,  
 What gain for man to persecute his peer?  
 And by his act disprove, whene'er he can,  
 His own assertion that his name is Man."

## V.

In China's land of sub-celestial dreams,  
 The bright cognition of her glory beams;  
 The spire-cross, pointing from her flowery plains,  
 Crowns the proud temples where Jehovah reigns.  
 Her gentle voice has bid His message roll  
 From torrid Indus to the Artic pole.  
 Peace has descended on her snowy wings,  
 Beneath whose shade the virgin laurel springs;  
 And vandal faith, that darken'd for awhile  
 The gloomy land, has fled before her smile.  
 From darker climes, where in their convent cell  
 The pale-ey'd ghosts of Superstition dwell;  
 Where, blind to every nobler aim of man,  
 The imag'd shrine, the nodding cowl t' obey,  
 The short and simple Breviary page to scan,  
 Is duty's farthest round from day to day.  
 O sweet Ausonia! Nature's martyr child  
 Plinius, hath prais'd and prais'd thee not amiss,  
 Whose spicy groves and breezes murmuring mild,  
 Were meet to fan God's paradise of bliss.  
 Yet art thou fallen, with thy immortal train,  
 Land where the sweet Venusian lov'd to sing;  
 And Sulmo's harp was sounded not in vain,  
 Though servile sycophancy did infect the strain,  
 And foul the heart that bade its raptures ring.  
 Thou! on whose breast Cremona's royal bard  
 The pastoral lyre of Rome's proud Ennius strung,  
 Where Navius won the scorner's rich reward;  
 Where Plautus laugh'd, and lofty Terence sung.  
 And thou Iberia! from whose virgin soil  
 The seeds of false philosophy arose,

Before the Seven Hill'd City found her spoil  
In thy rich vales, where golden Lydius flows.  
Thou from the mind's dark labyrinth shall return,  
Or fly like Daedalus on heaven plum'd wing;  
When on thy shore the torch of Truth shall burn.  
And thy glad realm with waking peans ring.

## VI.

Japan has seen in her secluded isle,  
The heavenly halo of the Gospel's smile;  
And o'er Caffraria's swamps and fevery streams,  
The mystic Light of Loois co-herald beams.  
To Gambia's fens, and Chago's isles has gone  
The shout to roll the Gospel chariot on.  
The desert blossoms, and the dawn is near,  
When earth and sea the Mighty Name shall hear;  
While pagans, waking from ten secles sleep,  
Extend th' fraternal hand across the deep;  
And the rude Brahmin in his lone abode  
Sees Hope's bright meteor dance across his path;  
And mocks the painted figure of his god,  
On prophet car, the blood-stain'd Juggernaut.

# CAROLING TO THE NIGHT.

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Night unto night sheweth knowledge.—PSALMS xix 2.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,  
In rayless majesty now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world;  
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!  
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds—  
Creation sleeps.—YOUNG—*Night Thoughts*.

## I.

O dark brow'd empress! mild somniflurious Night!  
Who tread'st impetuous in the desinent trail  
Of thy dusk herald Eve. Unloosing wide  
Thy sable robes, thou leavest the Orient gate,  
And walkest swiftly o'er the weter'n isles,  
Like a dark-eyed sultana of that clime,  
Whose mild and tranquil beauties languish soft  
Beneath thy starry mantle, Queenly Night!  
Twin-born attendant of dilucid Day!  
Who callest gently to thy bourne of rest,  
The horny handed laborer from his task;  
With toil's nobility grim'd upon his brow,  
And written proudly on each brawny palm,  
He comes, Earth's grandest hero, in whose grasp  
Are lock'd the proudest destinies of man.  
That which the crazy Macedonian king,  
From Issus, Granicus, nor Arbela, won;  
And which the bold Amasian sought in vain,  
Though twelve imperial coronals own'd his power,  
Sleeps, like the sceptre of a royal Jove,  
With him proud offspring of Lemnian God.  
Deep silence reins, the busy world endures  
A solemn Syncope. The grinding mill,  
The smoking factory, and the sweating forge,  
Forget their tumult; while the man of toil

Safe harbor'd in that peaceful Eden, home,  
Enjoys a sweet repose. More weary he,  
The sallow legist from his protocol,  
And manuscripts archaic, tracing back,  
Through the dim shadows of forgotten years,  
The changing tenure of Ancestral rights,  
Vex'd with litigious buffeting. Him who buys  
And sells pale-fac'd, since infancy confin'd  
In dry dust laden marts, deprived of light,  
And air, first principles of manly health;  
Him wan pilgarlic doth thy presence bless.  
But sweeter still, to the maternal heart,  
Or fonder bosom of a faithful wife,  
Patient in needful absence, dost thou bring  
The son and husband from the paths of vice,  
And incident inticements; lawless deeds,  
And foul debaucheries in different forms,  
By which the power of Satan doth entrap  
Unguarded innocence. When restless day  
Hath pain'd the ear, and wrought the spirit sick,  
With dire profanity, and disgusting rounds  
Of brawls discordant, and still harsher jar  
Of aristic contest; wherein forms of speech  
Big with offensive quandaries are profuse.  
How calm, and sweet, is that monastic home  
Where dwells the angel Love. There prattling tongues,  
And childish laughter, charm the sweeter hours,  
And drown the world, with all its grief and cares,  
Its pains, its purposes, its rude alarms  
Of pending evil; its distracting sports,  
Ambitions eager purposes to rise  
By sly contrivance, or notorious act,  
And supercede on life's deceptive stage,  
The heart that loves him best. Then Slumber too,  
That sovereign nostrum of the universe,  
Balm of stern trouble, tonic of the brain,  
Invigoring every faculty of man,  
And ministering to the anguish madden'd mind  
The hellebore of easement. Slumber reigns,

And in the strange similitude of death,  
Calls forth existence from the vale of years ;  
With retrospective or prophetic eye,  
Looks through the future, or in memory's glass,  
Surveys the long lost minions of the past.  
There are the scenes of youth, which in the mind  
Retain primeval semblance ; and which Time  
Mars and deforms but never can efface.

## II.

The shelter'd cot, with its adjacent shed,  
And low roof'd barn filled plenteous to the peak,  
Well pack'd and regular, with the golden sheaves,  
The cerealious fruitage of the glebe,  
The wain slow rolling up the shaggy way,  
With ripe stramineous fascicles surcharg'd ;  
And jolting o'er each jacent obstacle,  
With lurch deciduous ; while the sun-brown'd swain,  
Who with an air of deep concern, directs  
In smoothest ways the rustling pyramid,  
• Seems when obverted on the yielding pile  
About to fall, when with a counter jerk  
He appears once more erect. The tilth enclos'd,  
The ivied walls, the hedges hortulan,  
Along' whose base the floral landscape blooms  
In daisies white, and saf'ron daffodils.  
The umbrageous pathway to the pasture plot,  
So often traversed by the nimble feet,  
With romp and frolic, halting by the way  
To pluck the gaudy primrose, that perchance,  
Allured the fancy with its gairish tints.  
Or, oftener still, to hunt the frisking squirrel  
With barbarous clamor to its adjacent hole ;  
While constant cur, sure trotting at the heels,  
And ever faithful with his yelping note,  
Made brake and woodland echo, and the bird  
Embower'd melodious in her vocal bough,

Suspend her song in listening to the rout.  
The frequent ramble on the winding shore  
Of some meandering stream, with angling rod  
Oblique or traverse, on the shoulder borne,  
And bait cup, well provision'd to secure  
Rapacious plunder from the scaly tribe,  
Who, like their captor ever on the alert  
For dainty morsel to appease his greed,  
Make the swift seizure, only to be hook'd,  
And floundering, drag'd triumphant to the shore.

## III.

Only in fancy or the realm of dreams,  
Our ravish'd eyes review, and feet regain  
Those paths of peace, and thou illustrious Night!  
More dearly priz'd for thy rich ornature  
Of heavenly mercies, do we bid the hail;  
Thou, who like Orcus in his raven pall  
But with a soul of loveliness divine,  
Comest to the spirit with thy solemn thoughts.  
Thou whose black robe and star-girt coronet,  
And gentle voice that falleth on man's heart,  
As a soft whisper from the upper world,  
Telling his soul the majesty of God;  
Oh! preach forever on thy wondrous theme.

## IV.

Though heaven's bright hosts were silent, and the earth,  
The Gospel fail, and man forget the source  
To which he owes his being; drifting forth  
A helmless bark upon the warring tide,  
His pilot Reason fallen overboard,  
And Passion only to direct his course.  
Though empires fall, and kingdoms pass away,  
Vain toys of man's creation; and the star  
That lures ambition up the heights of fame,



The Dagon of his worship, fade and leave  
The frustrate heart in bitterness to drain  
Its gall of disappointment. Though the sword  
For man's destruction wielded, deluge earth  
With swollen streams of sanguinary woe,  
And drown in blood the affinity of hearts.  
Though nature's law, and nature's bounty cease,  
And breed confusion in the universe ;  
Yea, though this animated globe should fall  
In million atoms through the realm of space,  
Night should not fail in marshaling her host  
Of glittering stars upon the field of light,  
Or leading up, in splendid retinue,  
Her long and fleecy caravan of clouds.

## V.

Night tries the conscience, as the furnace tries  
The glittering steel, and while Reflection rakes  
From memory's temple, some malignant wound  
Of former error, cicatriz'd by time,  
What poisonous canker from the aspic fang  
Of conscious Guilt, inflames the horrid wound,  
And pricks to keen remorse the callous'd mind.  
And how shall he that bears the crimson stain,  
And awful immundicity of blood  
Congenial with his own, who madly dares  
Destroy the life that God himself bestow'd ;  
How shall he look for happiness below,  
Or that sweet ataraxy of the mind,  
Man's pregustation of a rest divine ?  
Avenging Justice, God's own minister,  
Pursuing fastest in the silent hours ;  
And muttering such deep menaces that the heart  
Flutters, and stops, or tries but tries in vain  
To drown pale Fear in her black sepulchre,  
The curse of Cain—the damning curse of Cain,  
In darkness sounding like a demon's cry,

To interlude the fulminating Law  
So impiously infrin'g'd—"Thou shalt not kill,"  
In auscultation, the dread spirit starts  
In dire alarm at each successive sound,  
While hosts of hissing devils seem to throng  
In mockery o'er him, shrieking murder, blood.  
The softest murmur of the nocturnal breeze,  
The lapping leaves, the cricket's lonely chirp,  
And measur'd tick of time's slow horologue,  
In notes discordent strike with shuddering dread  
Upon the sound-board of his secret fears.  
What soonest lulls the innocent soul to rest—  
The voice of nature musical and low,  
In amorous converse with the starry spheres;  
The owlets hoot, the murmuring of the stream  
Or mournful threnody of the nightingale,  
To him are legionary spies conceal'd  
To learn the secret of his awful guilt.

## VI.

Yet is there One whose mighty Spirit fills  
The boundless universe; and though we fly  
On wings of morning to the farthest sea,  
Or rise to Heaven, or rest our soul in Hell,  
Though in the roaring caverns of the deep,  
Or wayless solitude of desert wilds,  
Though in the ghastly catacomb we hide,  
Amid the fleshless phantoms of the past;  
Even there the darkness shineth as the day,  
To Him whose matchless potency sustains  
This grand concatenated chain of Life.  
There is no word that trembles on the tongue,  
Nor whisper brooding in the templed heart,  
But to that Spirit of Omniscient Love  
Is plainly audible, be it right or wrong.

## VII.

Night is Lethality's emblem, whence we learn  
To prepare the spirit for that deeper gloom  
That shrouds the mystic landscape of the dead.  
A gloom how dense, when hope of brighter morn  
Beyond the shadows fails and Faith forgets  
Those strains triumphal that the Psalmist tun'd,  
To waft his spirit over Jordan's stream.  
Teach me, O Night! Preceptress of the Soul!  
Teach me the burden of that heavenly song!  
And with thy incantation sweet, dispel  
The cloud shades of Eternity. Let this heart,  
Beneath the drippings of Almighty Love,  
Melt with the soft infusion, and rejoice  
As they who stood within the saphirine,  
And golden gates of Patmos' ideal city,  
To sound of lyre and sackbut! Teach me this,  
Or e'er thy dusky curtain doth ascend  
And bright hyperion usher in the morn!

# VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

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In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men.—JOB iv. 13.

Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
Singing their Great Creator.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 598.

## I.

And he dreamed; and behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it.—GEN. xxviii. 12.

'Twas IN THE NIGHT, on Bethel's silent hill,  
The Patriarch saw, and trembled as he lay  
On stony couch, those glittering steps of gold,  
Rear'd like a pillar to the star-lit sky;  
And angel hosts in floating robes of white  
Ascending and descending, while above  
The glorious vista's gradatory steep,  
The awful canopy of God Himself,  
Supernal spread in fascinating show,  
Burn'd like the fiery circles of the sun.  
While holiest anthems from the heavenly choir,  
Whose great Choragus is the Lamb Himself,  
With golden harps surrounding the bright Throne,  
Came with a soft millfluence of sound.

## II.

And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not one dead.—EX. xii. 30.

'Twas IN THE NIGHT, in Egypt's lordly land,  
O'er Nilus' stream, arose the bitter wail  
Of sudden anguish, bursting from the soul  
Of Pharaoh's haughty nation, griev'd sore

Through disobedience to the stern command  
 Of God, to let his people part in peace.  
 The silent Night, when underneath their palms,  
 And in their temple courts the priests all slept;  
 And Sphynx' stony eyes that watchful guard  
 The lofty entrance to Osiris' fane,  
 Forever wakeful, motionless, and mute,  
 Alone beheld the midnight messenger pass  
 Like a swift shadow with unsounding tread,  
 Through the dim vaulted corridor, and along  
 The sinuous passage, till he stood before  
 The marble chamber; when in pomp reposed  
 The pamper'd prince, and first-begotten child.

## III.

And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment; and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by Night.—I. SAM., xxviii, 8.

TWAS IN THE NIGHT, on Carmel's battle plain,  
 When from the watchfires twinkling through the gloom,  
 The sorrowful Saul, clad in a peasant's garb,  
 O'erpass'd grey Hermon's brow; and entering deep  
 The dark cold precincts of the mountain cave,  
 Where dwelt the sorceress tritcal, dar'd to hold  
 Clandestine converse on forbidden themes.  
 He spake, and Lo! before his startled eye  
 The prophet was recarnified; the seer arose,  
 A stark tremendous visitant from the tomb,  
 In dust and ashes mould'ring, and the eye,  
 From which the light had long departed, void;  
 A hollow cavern, from which worms had eat  
 The wither'd flesh. Thus the dread form arose.  
 Saul bow'd his head, while the strange spirit stood  
 And spoke in warning and austere rebuke  
 To Jewry's prostrate king: "Why seekest thou me?  
 And why disquietest thou my silent sleep?  
 Can not the ashes of the dead repose

In their dim mansion, where the thoughts of earth  
 Forever perish ; is not even the grave  
 Exempt from strife, and man's destroying rage.  
 And darest thou, whom a God deserts, invoke  
 The ghost of Ramah to deliver thy life  
 From fierce Philistia ? Whose avenging sword  
 Shall Israel smite, for Saul's most fatal sin  
 In sparing Amalek's pride. Depart, O king !  
 And lead thy feeble followers to the fray,  
 For ere the morrow's sun withdraw his light,  
 Thou and thy faithless brood shall rot with me."

## IV.

In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, 'If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink.' —JOHN vii, 37.

The Feast of Tabernacles, one of the three annual festivals of the Jews, commenced upon the 15th, and lasted until the 22d of their month Tisri ; which included a part of September and October. And during the seven days which it occupied, the people dwelt in booths, (Lev. xxiii, 42, 43,) to commemorate the tents or booths in which they rested in their journey from the land of bondage.

A vast concourse of all races, both Jews and Gentiles, attended this ceremony, until, from a solemn religious observance, it gradually assumed the form and character of a vast Oriental Bazaar, where the nicotian fumes from the intolerable chibouk of the merchant Turk, mingled freely with the vapory incense from the altar of the Seven-days-offering. And as night merely changed the color of the scene, without lessening its activity, the Mountain of the Holy City must at that season have presented a most brilliant and sublime spectacle.

'Twas IN THE NIGHT, on Zion's holy mount,  
 The last great season of the solemn feast  
 Of Tabernacles ; and the curtain'd tents  
 On fair Moriah's green and sloping side,  
 The feathery palm trees, with their nodding crowns  
 Refresh'd and water'd with the falling dew ;  
 The myrtled booths, and olive branches twin'd  
 In one green forest of umbrageous life,  
 Lit by the glare of torch and cresset, hung  
 From glittering bowr's and high fennestral halls,

Gave forth a tintemar of thousand tongues.  
 While 'neath the ornate and embellish'd walls  
 Of fair Jerusalem, once the pride and joy  
 Of Judah's captive, pining 'neath the lash  
 Of stern Oppression; all was light and song.  
 Her antique battlements, and solemn fanes;  
 Her massive arches and triumphal gates;  
 Her towering pillars exquisitely rare,  
 Of polish'd marble, fashion'd by the tools  
 Of Tyrean sculptors, train'd to nice designs  
 Of effegial trade, and architectural skill;  
 Prolong'd the sounds of deep solemnity.  
 While down each purpled aisle, sublimely grand,  
 In pealing symphony, swell'd the note of praise.  
 The harp and psaltery measur'd to the psalm—  
 Hozanna Rabba—"Bless ye the Lord!  
 All ye servants of the Lord,  
 Which by night stand in the house of the Lord!  
 Lift up your hands in the sanctuary  
 And bless the Lord!  
 The Lord that made heaven and earth  
 Bless thee out of Zion."  
 And ere the mantling dawn suffuse the sky,  
 The silver trumpet of the toga'd priest,  
 With one long blast of sweet sonorous sound  
 Starts the procession to the holy spring;  
 Whence, soon returning with their flagon's full,  
 They ascend the temple steps with solemn chant,  
 "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!"  
 And, to commemorate the grateful stream  
 That in the desert flow'd from Horeb's rock,  
 Pours every man his beaker on the ground.

## V.

The same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and the keepers before the door kept the prison.—ACTS xii. 6.

'TWAS IN THE NIGHT, within the gloomy walls  
 Of the dark dungeon, manacled and gyved,  
 By Herod's cruel and unjust decree,

The Prophet slumber'd. Four quarternion files  
Of Rome's best warriors, cuish'd and curass'd, lay  
Warding the body of one feeble man,  
His crime—too ardent in his Master's cause;  
Too bold to preach and inculcate the Truth;  
'Till in his sovereign ministry pursued  
And led dishonor'd through the hooting streets  
He met the cognizance of mock Justiceship,  
And the rude goaler's mercy. Peter slept;  
So deep immured, that he knew not when  
The sable drapery of the Night was drawn  
Around the drowsy city: but he felt  
The strong demand of Nature for repose,  
And on the slimy bottom of his cell  
Outstretch'd his weary limbs. 'Twas then when Sleep,  
The calm twin sister of lethean Death,  
Had sooth'd solicitude to voiceless peace,  
And softly seal'd the Prophet's aching eyes;  
'Twas then, the seraph in his robes of light  
Bent o'er the prostrate sleeper, and in tones  
So clear and sweet yet full of magic force,  
Commanded him to rise, and hasten forth;  
And lo! the iron gate unbar'd and wide  
Outswung while Heaven's bright phasm led the way,

## VI.

Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane; and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.—*MATT. xxvi. 36.*

'Twas in the night, o'er Kidron's babbling stream  
To lone Gethsemane, with its olive grove,  
Our Sovereign Lord and Paraclete retir'd,  
To engage in silent prayer. The summer moon  
Shone soft and limpid through her starry train  
Which, in their spheres, with gemmy radiency  
Twinkled like ligures in the distant heavens.  
The proud old city in her slumber lay,



Wrapp'd in the lustre of that liquid sky,  
Sublime but fortuneless. O'er whom in speechless grief  
The loving spirit of a Savior mourn'd.  
She lay oblivious; and the bickering lights  
No longer burn'd between the million'd bars  
Of stately palaces. Her proud artistic show,  
The rare and costly product of that clime  
Where Art first flourish'd, had been all transferr'd  
Beyond the reach of pilfery. The shawls  
And scarfs of Cashmere; and the glossy silk  
Of Syrian texture; with the gaudy plumes  
Of Afric, purchased with the gold of Ind.  
Syene's rare phylacteries, and the sweet,  
O'er redolent gums of distant Araby.  
Each of the motly traffickers to rest  
Had long retir'd, and silence reigned supreme.  
The turban'd Moslem with imperious stride,  
Proudly disdainful of the Christian throng:  
The graceful Arab whose quick roving eye,  
Flashes and glitters like a polished Jet:  
The careworn Hebrew, with his hangman's cap,  
And avarice lurking in his eye, intent  
On cunning barter with some Gentile dog:  
The Armenian Christian, with long flowing robe  
Of dark and sombre hue, himself sedate:  
The strutting Persian, superfinely gay  
In garb and bearing. Stalking by whose side,  
Comes the Circassian in his chain cuirass,  
And raven elflocks flowing to his loin.  
The Georgian maiden, beautiful and fair,  
As Othman's fabled houri. Next in rank  
The wild Dongolian dusky from the Nile,  
Or trading merchant from remote Senaar.  
Through the lone gate our Savior wander'd forth  
And, on the steeps of Olivet, bending low  
Pour'd forth his soul in supplicating pray'r;  
While the pale planets of the night looked down  
Upon the blood drops trickling from his brow;  
And, in the sorrowful travail of his heart;

The bitter language of the Cross itself  
 Could scarce express his solitary grief;  
*"Elwi, Elni, lama sabachthani!"*

## VII.

In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain.—DAN. v. 30.

TWAS IN THE NIGHT, in Babylon's royal hall  
 When sordid mirth presided; and obscene  
 Foul-fac'd and impious revelry, engag'd  
 With her red goblet Chaldia's drunken king.  
 When thousands pledg'd him in the sparkling draught  
 Of crimson nectar from the streaming press  
 Of Syria's purple vintage; and the harp  
 The pleasing symbal, and the galliard pipe,  
 Tymbal and dulcimer gave forth a sound  
 Of softest melody; while fair minikins mov'd  
 To featly measures in the giddy dance.  
 Bright Oriental sylphs, whose raven locks  
 Softly luxuriant, cluster'd round the orbs  
 Of melting tenderness, or passionate fire.  
 The pouting smile, the lecherous caress,  
 The silvery laugh, the lover's stolen glance  
 'Neath drooping lids, the fair be-jeweled arm,  
 The showy garlands, and the flashing gleam  
 That fell from thousand lamps along the wall,  
 All show'd where pleasure held her royal court.  
 Then when the monarch, all inflam'd with wine,  
 In tones of thunder, bade his vassals bring  
 The golden vessels that his sire had brought  
 From Jewry's fallen and desecrated fanes;  
 And, from the Chalice of the annointed priest,  
 Pour'd forth his deep libation to the Gods  
 Of brass and stone; while, with the strains of praise,  
 Fair Beauty fills her sweetly whispering strings,  
 And Battle chariots, trumpet tongued, without  
 Clang forth the peans of his royal fame.  
 Twas then the ominous Hand refulgent shone,

And trac'd in characters of living light  
But dark portent, the unpropitious doom  
Of proud Belshazzer and his brilliant host.

## VIII.

And in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus went unto them walking on the sea.—MATT. xiv. 25.

'Twas IN THE NIGHT, on Galilee's stormy wave;  
Waters on waters rolling, and the wind  
From the torn clouds loud whistling o'er the deep,  
Lent wild distraction to the scene. The storm  
Smote with fierce fury the distressed bark,  
In which the lonely and despairing band  
With fruitless toil essay'd to reach the shore.  
When from the rattling crag and hollow gorge,  
The hoarse ton'd thunder sounded, and the flash  
Of forked lightning darting down the sky,  
Illum'd the lurid visage of the heavens.  
When stout heart's quail'd, and anxious eyes were turn'd  
From each to each with mute appealing gaze,  
But seeing naught, save when the phosphorous gleam  
Disclos'd the pallor of a daunted face.  
'Twas then, with footsteps floating on the sea,  
They saw what seem'd an ocean spirit sent  
As a lone minister of fate. 'Till soft  
And sweet as whisper of th' Eolian lute,  
Yet rising clear above the sounding storm,  
The tender greeting broke upon their ears,  
"Be not afraid my children, it is I!"

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The following work was commenced without a poetical plot of any kind; it being the author's purpose to produce in prose, but in as romantic a form as the subject would warrant, a brief defence, not of the conduct, but nature and disposition of the North American Indians; having from a somewhat critical observation of their habits, both in rude and semi-civilized life, early predisposed my mind to an opinion, regarding their mildness and benevolence, rather more favorable than that usually received. But, after the inception of the work, difficulties of various kinds presenting themselves, I was induced to abandon the design; and the stanzas which followed, being the passing suggestions of the moment, could not reasonably be expected to present a very creditable appearance under the somewhat serious title of a poem.

## THE LORDS OF THE ALLODIUM.

## INTRODUCTION.

Our scene opens in the wilds of Montana, where, upon the margin of the mighty Missouri, stands an unpretentious log cabin, from whose heavily timbered roof a thick volume of smoke is rising, which, considering the cold and inclemency of the atmosphere, is a fair index to the comfort within; whither, gentle reader, we will now conduct you.

A crackling fagot is blazing upon the hearth, and three forms are disposed within its flickering illumination. The first, an old man of about three score clad in the primitive costume of the pioneers, those wandering nimrods of the west, the story of whose lives though very unsalutary aliment for the poet has nourished for the last twenty or thirty lustrums the minds of America's greatest novelists, was seated in the centre, his gray locks thrown back upon a brow whose grand expressions of intellect and refinement, accorded but ill with the rude character of the surroundings.

To his right was a handsome youth of some four and twenty summers, in the modish garb of an Eastern society man; but happily destitute of all those foppish characteristics which of late years have so largely invaded the politest circles of republican gentility; and to his left the shaggy figure of a powerful and truculent-looking dog, in breed, a cross between the newfoundland and mastiff, a paragon of his species, to whom the biting off of a man's leg would lie in the regard of diversion rather than labor. From the suspicious and side-long glances which he occasionally cast towards the person last spoken of, it was plain that the youth stood not upon the same footing of familiarity as the first and eldest member of the party, who, we may as well inform the reader, lest the wedge of his curiosity split his patience, is mine host himself; whose servants are his rifle and hunting knife, his associate and comrade, the gigantic canine aforesaid; and his guest *pro tempore*, the youth, whom, in the common privilege of every father, we will denominate Roger Olwynn.

The cold and piercing wind of a November night swept howling through the leafless branches of the forest; and a heavy snow storm having set in, the air was blinded with innumerable feathery particles which clinging for a moment to the bare trunks against which they were driven, whitened the cheerless prospect, and then, swirled away by the increasing violence of the blast, found their final resting place in the bosom of the valley or rocky gorges of the mountains.

The old hunter, who had remained silent for some time, unwilling perhaps to interrupt the cogitations of his friend, now requested him to relate the errand upon which he had come to the West; as his appearance did not certainly denote the necessities of labor, and it was somewhat strange that a person so poorly provisioned for the dangers and privations which a journey through that comparatively uninhabited country occasioned, should be found alone, and so far for aught he knew to the contrary, from any human habitation.

Roger Olwynn was a man who, whether he had found the Muse of History ready inspired from the fountain of Castalia, or whether he desired to vary the measure of his discourse for the commodity of his hearers, had a most peculiar *genchant* for alternating the fruits of memory and imagination, the result of which was a strange medley of poetry and prose in any recitation whatsoever; and now, at the request of his host, forthwith delivered himself, like the minstrel Feramorz in the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, of the following narrative, infinitely more fearless of the strictures of a Faladeen in the person of his auditor, than the present compiler is of the anticipated carping of a certain phlegmatic monster, which writers denominate The Public.

## CANTO FIRST.

## THE STRANGER'S STORY.

## I.

From Walla Walla, west of Idaho,  
Remotely seated nigh the Pacific coast,  
Where lone Columbia's winding waters flow  
And in the Willamette or Kooshoosky lost,  
Or down the cataracts of the Owyhee tost,  
Water the fruitful plains of Oregon;  
A weary caravan of traders crost  
The rocky Alps, whose snow crown'd summits shone  
As Arve's towering king, rearing his sun-bright zone,

## II.

O'er dim Chamouni's vale, whose fields of ice  
And mountain glaciers, resting far above  
The crystal throned transparencies, suffice  
To fill the soul with grandeur, awe and love.

## III.

The ridge was pass'd, and evening threw  
Her starless mantle o'er the voiceless plain;  
And with the gloom more anxious grew  
Each heart that watch'd the halting train.

A fire was kindled, for the cold had chilled the weary limbs of the travelers, and within its flickering circle, with the cattle and conveyances surrounding them in the form of a crescent, they gathered in momentary apprehension of an attack from the roving bands of hostile Indians, with which that wild and uncivilized territory abounds.

Nor were their fears unfounded; for before the moon had reached her zenith, the drowsy company were aroused to a sense of their peril by the shrill and fierce war hoop of the Choctows; who, mounted on their fleet mustangs, some fifty in number, sent a whistling shower of arrows to proclaim their dreaded presence to the children of the pale faces.

There is perhaps no race of people upon the globe who possess a finer appreciation of kindness and affection than the Indian; and none in whom the vandal passion of revenge burns with more fury when aroused by one act of falsehood or infidelity; for the mind, uneducated to the christian motto of good for evil, can only measure the extent of human justice by the magnitude of the offence, and severity of the punishment.

Can it then be wondered at, that a race of beings, possessors of a soil which, in the earliest period of their traditionary history, was looked upon as the direct gift of an all kind and powerful Manitou, a race who consider the white man in the character of a lawless invader; who, by force of arms would drive out or extirpate the rightful owners; and establish the sanguine monarchy of Injustice, upon the desolated throne of Divine Right.

Can it be wondered at, we repeat, that this people should struggle to maintain the heritage bequeathed to their forefathers? and, if too weak to withstand in honorable warfare the incroachments of a race themselves disgraced by frequent acts of treachery and deceit, to retaliate with a barbarity which their condition palliates, and forget, if they ever felt, the sovereign attribute of mercy in dealing with those whom mercy no longer directs.

The horrible massacre of the brave and dashing young cavalryman, General Custer, and his two hundred and sixty comrades, on the 25th of June, 1876, is one of the latest in the long list, which, in the records of history, shall stand as a terrible evidence, not so much of the abandoned and blood thirsty disposition of the Indians, as of the imprudent and rash policy of the Government in dealing with them.

#### IV.

But one was spar'd of that devoted band,  
To see, while pinioned on his faithful steed,  
The midnight spoilers at their chief's command



Rush to the slaughter with infernal greed ;  
And all his brave defenceless comrades bleed  
With groans of dying agony ; while the bright  
And forked flame that crown'd the awful deed,  
And o'er the demon darkness cast its light,  
Blaz'd round the blistering dead and lit the ebon night.

## V.

One lone survivor, destined to await  
The racks of lingering torment, 'neath the eye  
Of some fierce savage ; and with suffering sate  
His fiendish malice haply ere he die  
'Mid the red fagots, where his parting cry,  
The soul's last murmur ere it upward start,  
Should from the hollow tongues of Mockery fly,  
Nor move to tears one sympathetic heart ;  
But joy o'er human woe, hell's blackest, foulest art.

## VI.

Away they sped, their work of carnage done,  
Like evil spirits from their meeting place  
They bore their pris'ner, till the dappled dawn  
Glow'd with a saffron tincture in each face,  
Painted and tawny in its silent race.  
Through fair Wyoming's plains they dash'd away,  
By Fremont's Peak, and thro' the Southern Pass ;  
Nor rein'd their steeds till, duskily and gray,  
The shades of eve once more usurp'd the realm of Day.

## VII.

Then with the forray, at an Indian vill  
That nestles low upon the sloping side  
With sunshine rob'd of Uintah's hoary hill,  
Beside a stream whose sparkling waters glide

Twixt alpine sierras, whose summits hide  
The Golden City in her silent nest,  
The band dismounting, wearied with their ride,  
Each rock in that wild valley of the West  
Rang with the savage yell, that broke the sleepers' rest.

A roughly constructed wigwam, of poles and matted bark, but very securely planned withal, was set apart for the captive's accommodation; and there his bleached visage and strange attire were the subject of curious comment on the part of the squaws, who, with their papooses, came in groups to criticise the strange *lusus naturae*, and amuse themselves with sundry pranks at his expense; which, with the interminable gallimatia of the juvenile portion of the community, in a few days made him look upon even death with less aversion than a lifetime spent in such a state and condition.

A convocation of the sachems had, he knew, already been holden upon the question of how he was to be disposed of; and, although he understood not a syllable of the language, it appeared from the significant gestures of the majority, for few except Englishmen speak without gesticulation, that death was the most favorable sentence.

## VIII.

But in those days he saw another sight.  
A lovely figure and a syren face,  
Hovering around his prison, like a sprite  
Of inimitable beauty, dignity and grace.  
And one who midst the rudeness bore a trace  
Of civilization; and the gentle mein  
Of holier culture, and a higher place,  
Though o'er that brow once happy might be seen  
The shades of sorrow spread where brightest smiles had been.

## IX.

Thrice had he seen the sylphid, and each time  
She gaz'd upon him with compassionate eye;  
A captive, fetter'd for no deeper crime

Than brave defence of right, and doom'd to die.  
His lot was sorrowful, yet he knew not why  
Her holy presence fill'd him with delight;  
He look'd to her with hope, for hope will fly  
O'er darkest spirits with its heavenly light,  
And from its sacred shrine put foul despair to flight.

## X.

But at last the season of his death had been appointed; and his guardian angel, with an air of deepest sorrow and anxiety upon her beautiful countenance, came to inform him of the fact; and, bidding him prepare for the terrible ordeal of the morrow, withdrew; leaving him to await the solemn realization of eternity, and picture with his fancy the sorrowful faces of his parents and friends, met in the desolate home of his boyhood to mourn for the lost and unknown.

## XI.

Yes, far beyond where ocean's billows lave  
Fair freedom's isle, he saw a mother bend  
In deep consuming grief; a father rave  
Over his fallen hope: A sister lend  
Her meek accompaniment; and many a friend  
Pour love's warm tribute o'er his vacant tomb;  
While he should die with no kind ear to attend  
His parting whisper, or from death's dark gloom  
Convey the spirits' charge back to his native home.

## XII.

An airy figure glided thro' the door  
And sought his presence, while his heart stood still;  
For it seemed a seraph, beautiful and pure,  
And held his soul obedient to its will.  
The same fair face that made his bosom thrill,  
Seen like a lovely dryad of the wood

Or dancing naiad of some classic rill,  
Now on his last lone vigil did intrude  
And cheer'd with gladdening words his sad and sleepless mood.

## XIII.

Hist, stranger! Silence, or your doom is sealed;  
In yonder wigwam sleeps the sagamore;  
And should he find me, Heaven could scarcely shield  
The frail Omeme from his vengful power;  
And you should perish, haply in this hour,  
Beneath the weapons of his warriors bold.  
I come to save from death th' Caucasian flow'r,  
In whose fair face my girlhood I behold,  
Though many a bitter tear hath o'er that memory roll'd.

## XIV.

Your horse is tethered in yon ferny wood,  
Mount him and fly, and fortune speed your flight!  
You have a home, and if perchance you should  
Frustrate the fury of your foes to-night,  
When the lost scenes of childhood greet your sight,  
Remember then the lonely forest maid!  
Too mournful now, though once her soul was light  
Or e'er she sought the forest's dismal shade,  
And left the pleasant fields where youth's glad footsteps stray'd.

## XV.

I know the price of freedom; Stranger haste!  
Take yonder pathway through the thicket gray.  
I will not broach my history, it would waste  
The precious moments, and your flight delay.  
Four hours elapse before the dawn of day,  
The guard is slumbering and the moments fly;

So swift should you, for dangers throng the way,  
Haste, prisoner ! haste ! I would not see thee die,  
Too young art thou to lose life, love and liberty.

## XVI.

The captive bow'd but utter'd not a word,  
She led him spellbound through the sleeping throng ;  
But once she touch'd him, as she cut the cord  
That bound his wrists, and in that touch, a strong  
And strange enchantment thrill'd his nerves along,  
And thoughts of bliss he never felt before  
Within his passionate soul to being sprung ;  
And gave a foretaste of that mystic power  
Which moves all hearts alike, love's first and sweetest hour.

In the cold light of the morning the fugitive hurried on, whither he knew not, but filled with the burning thoughts to which his late romantic adventure had given rise. He had promised the maiden that, should his flight prove successful, he would seize the earliest opportunity to return and rescue her from the power of the savages among whom she had fallen ; and now his mind was wholly occupied with the scheme of hastening that happy moment ; for, since he had seen and conversed with her, he felt that he had indeed a twofold purpose in life. Nay even that his captivity in her presence, without the danger of death, would be far sweeter than freedom in banishment ; and it was only to the end of obtaining both, that he nerved himself to meet the dangers with which he was surrounded. In the midst of a wilderness, without food save what his hands provided ; far, he knew not how far, from any human habitation ; his horse almost overcome with the fatigue of his journey, he might well tremble.

Dark clouds began to gather in the West, and, rising up slowly, obscured the entire face of the heavens ; while the wind, freshening from the same quarter, sent the feathery flakes whirling around the weary traveler ; who, along with his other miseries, had now to face the blinding violence of a western snow-storm.

His faithful horse, at last completely worn out, was left, but not without sincere sorrow, to the mercy of the elements ; and with that

inward sinking the forerunner of despair, which few mortals have not felt at some period of life, the traveler struggled on, weary, cold and weak, until when hope had well-nigh forsaken him, he saw, or fancied he saw, through the densely serried descending particles the faint glimmering of a light, following which he found, in a rude cabin in the wilderness, that which is less common in society than many suppose—a friend—before whom he now stands to render thanks for his kindness and hospitality.

## XVII.

The stranger's utterance ceas'd, and died away  
In the dull moaning of the midnight wind;  
While the old hunter ponder'd, and a ray  
Of holiest light seem'd breaking o'er his mind,  
But only vague, and partially defin'd,  
As if he strove to gather from the past  
A dim remembrance, whence his soul might find  
Some latent joy to make life's journey blest,  
And light from cold despair love's torch within his breast.

## XVIII.

You seem amaz'd, at length he softly spoke,  
But in this soul some chords of feeling dwell;  
Your tender story touched them, and awoke  
A music, gentle as th' Eolian shell,  
When on the ear its first sweet cadence fell;  
And Hope's young whisper fills my waking mind  
To the dim centre of its secret cell;  
A nameless joy, returneth undefin'd  
And lights the darken'd shrine it long ago resign'd.

## XIX.

Your days are yet too few to comprehend  
A parent's fond affection for his child,  
His only child, and one whose love might lend

A purer charm to life ; for, undefil'd,  
And with a spirit never scath'd nor soil'd  
With base born thoughts, but innocent as in birth,  
And by the prudery of the world unspoil'd,  
She learn'd one creed of unadulterate worth—  
True worship to her God, and love to all on earth.

## XX.

But give attention, you shall hear my tale  
Of gloomy tragedy, and strange romance ;  
And if its crimes and many mysteries fail  
To move you to concernment, we may glance  
At softer features, and with love enchain  
A harsher theme, that might displease your ear ;  
But if devoid of interest still, perchance  
With poisonous envy moderate the whole,  
And grace with simple truth, what sin and crime make foul.

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## CANTO SECOND.

## THE HUNTER'S STORY.

## I.

Upon the banks of Dee, in Britain's isle,  
There rose a lordly mansion, tall and grand ;  
Whose mirror'd reflected many a smile  
On rosy cheeks, and happy faces, fan'd  
By the soft gales of that salubrious land,  
Where sweet contentment sleeps in every cot,  
However rude and lowly it may stand ;  
And glorious freedom is the general lot,  
Though some thro' private wrongs alas ! possess it not.

## II.

In this same mansion dwelt a noble race,  
Who had been honored in the time gone by  
With kingly notice; and the antique place  
So quaint and curious to the outward eye,  
Still held the couch where Beauclerc once did lie;  
Whose jeweled falchion grac'd the glittering wall,  
When Brenville's king, and lord of Tenchebrai,  
With all his nobles throng'd the festal hall  
And danc'd a jig perchance, at Fontenoy's brilliant ball.

## III.

Baron DeGourney was of Norman blood,  
A feudal lord who, in the early strife  
With Saxon Harold, for the Conqueror stood,  
And, in his cause, made of'ring of his life  
On Senlac's bloody hill, 'mid carnage rife,  
Leaving a noble lineage to uphold  
The martial glory of the fallen chief—  
Two gallant sons who bore the bloody fold  
Of France's red-cross flag 'gainst Paynim warriors bold.

## IV.

They too expired in Robert's war worn train,  
Battling for fallen justice and the right,  
On Palestina's red and trampled plain;  
But 'ere their eyes were closed upon the fight,  
They saw the Saracen foemen in wild flight,  
Their crescent banner trailing soil'd and torn,  
And many a proud and kirtled Moslem wight,  
In the stern service of the Soldan worn,  
Sink on the field of strife, pierc'd bleeding, and forlorn.



## V.

Such records egg posterity to be brave,  
And Fontenoy's orgilous progeny bore the name;  
They hated tyranny, but despis'd the slave,  
And, like the fiery stock from whence they came,  
Would sell their ethics for the wreath of fame;  
Boasting the tenants their ancestors taught—  
That naught was noble but war's doubtful game—  
They loved in life a soldier's glorious lot,  
And when they fell they wish'd a sepulchre where they fought.

## VI.

They also lov'd the riot and the feast,  
The sparkling wine, and saturnalian sport;  
And woman, lovely woman, not the least  
Among their earthly idols, did they court.  
And Fontenoy's halls were made the gay resort  
Of many a votarist of the giddy dance;  
Where belted bachanals of the higher sort,  
Of England's baronage, and noblesse of France,  
Sang in the days of war, of chivalry, and romance.

## VII.

Legends there were, and strange traditions rife,  
But what they told it boots not me to say;  
The patch'd up tales of some pragmatic wife,  
Concerning mysteries of the olden day.  
Fancies that lead the credulous mind astray,  
That songs and laughter oft disturb'd the night  
When lord and menial in their slumber lay,  
And clashing steel as if in furious fight,  
With mingled shrieks and groans, and ghostly gleams of light.

## VIII.

But oft in childhood's memory have I heard,  
That Fontenoy's bridal chamber was the room  
Whence the strange clamor issued, and a bird,  
A glossy raven, flutter'd thro' the gloom  
Once in the year—upon the night of doom,  
When Geoffery Gourney fought beside his bride,  
Till the gray dawn disclosed him stark and dumb;  
And in his pulseless bosom, gaping wide,  
A fresh and gory wound, by which the lord had died.

## IX.

Upon the morrow he was laid to rest;  
Some legal disquisition soon got o'er,  
A little whisper, carefully suppress'd,  
And all went merry as it did before.  
The widow'd lady sought a foreign shore,  
And lack'd they not an owner for the name;  
The blood was drench'd upon the chamber floor,  
And Fontenoy's dignity survived the shame;  
Another master bore his titles and his fame.

## X.

And Bertram Gourney was the twelfth in line  
From ancient Geoffery of so dark a doom;  
And, full of years he felt he must resign  
His honored station, for the silent tomb.  
But christian hope did dissipate his gloom;  
For if the bliss of his eternal fate  
Hung on his gold, 'tis righteous to assume  
His dear bought *Ave Marias* would abate,  
In his own mind at least, the punishments that await.

## XI

And Hubert was his heir ; a hopeful boy,  
And one on whom he fix'd his doting heart  
With more than parent fondness ; 'twas his joy  
To see him grasp his glaive and act the part  
Of Greek Achilles, with well practiced art,  
And in his helmet and deft hauberk dress'd,  
His polish'd cuish and vantbrace would impart  
A manly bearing to a boyish breast,  
Nerv'd with no martial strength, but all a warrior's zest.

## XII.

Ronald, the younger, was a gentle lad,  
Reserv'd and serious, and of studious mien ;  
No emulous thirst for soldiership he had,  
And in the ranks of fashion rarely seen.  
He loved seclusion, for his soul was clean,  
And fear'd not to reflect upon its state ;  
And in the shady walks and arbors green,  
With book or crayon oftentimes he sate,  
'Till every bird in the bower did claim him for its mate.

## XIII.

And, fretful of limits hortulan, he would stroll  
Long hours alone thro' Fontenoy's streamy park ;  
Or on some beautiful and grassy knoll  
Recumbent stretch, amused much to mark  
The gambols of the fawn, or watch the lark  
Soar perpendicular till she pierc'd the blue  
Empyreal vista, where the bended arc  
Conceal'd the speck in its empurpled hue,  
Then like a meteor sink impetuous to the view.

## XIV.

The wild gazelle had learn'd his tenderness,  
And, bounding sportive, ran at his command,  
Yielding its graceful neck to his caress,  
It half forgot its Arab master's hand;  
And Jordan's sunny banks, and Juda's strand,  
Adown whose fertile slopes and vallies free,  
It quench'd its thirst from many a gushing stream;  
And now it found a sweet captivitie,  
For love hath charms to make a dungeon seem  
Fairer than freedom is, without its golden gleam.

## XV.

Once, when he stray'd beyond his wonted round  
On the wild margin of the winding Dee,  
With thoughtful mein, and eye that sought the ground,  
A startled cry arous'd his reverie;  
He saw a maiden with her dark toupee  
Drench'd like the locks of Neptune's fabled queen,  
In shallop pictured on the briny sea,  
And on the sweeping current's silver sheen  
A face of heavenly mould, no lovelier e'er was seen.

## XVI.

Drifting unconscious on the pittance tide  
She came, and passion made his spirit brave;  
And while she sank quick heav'd his panting side  
As, diving swiftly 'neath the angry wave,  
He bore her senseless from a yawning grave.  
And this is how their primal meeting came,  
Which, oft recurring, mutual pleasure gave—  
The lady loved—the boy returned the flame,  
And at the altar she assumed DeGourney's noble name.

## XVII.

But she was poor; a fortuneless defect,  
With old Sir Bertram, of his liniage proud;  
He stormed and swore to give his words effect,  
That were the bride with Paphian charms endow'd,  
She was a paltry plebeian, and he vow'd  
By every power of darkness and of light,  
The wayward Ronald would be disallow'd  
The poor bequest and benefit of a mite,  
Much less the portion of his patrimonial right.

## XVIII.

Hubert, the favor'd grew to man's estate;  
Favor'd, for parents have oft-times their pet,  
And found in rich society a mate,  
But one he soon found reason to regret.  
And well it were the twain had never met,  
For he was passionate, and she was pert,  
And gave her wedded lord unceasing fret,  
With tricks that best become a wanton flirt,  
'Till green-ey'd jealousy reigned licentious in his heart.

## XIX.

Sir Bertram died; and round his ornate bier,  
His kin assembled on the burial morn,  
With kerchief's lab'ring to entice the tear  
'Twixt lids unwilling and unwont to mourn.  
Wishing the dull old cortege would return,—  
'Twas nigh the season they were wont to dine—  
The cook was stupid, and the roast might burn—  
Ah! poor Sir Bertram—wonder if the wine  
Was sent from Wreford's—How such sorrows rounds us twine.

## XX.

Sir Hubert now presided at the board,  
Flattered and woo'd by all, yet loved by none  
Of those who shared the largess of his hoard ;  
For in the gayest throng he sate alone,  
With look that froze the kind familiar tone,  
And every vassal fear'd him, for he knew  
That direful wrath would follow every frown,  
And on his features, comely once, there grew  
A look of scornful arrogance, repulsive to the view.

## XXI.

Pride holds her footing in the hearts of all :  
And Hubert's title, with its vast domain,  
His varlet band obedient to his call,  
His yelping kennel, and his hunting train ;  
His sire's renown upon the battle plain,  
And every grace that rank or gold can buy  
To gild our faldstool for a season's reign,  
Might well provoke the passion, therefore why  
Should Hubert not be proud as Lord of Fonteroy ?

## XXII.

But Ah ! weird Sorrow did assail his heart,  
When in the dust he laid his laughing bride,  
The lovely Rosalind, whose witching art  
And petulant mind had drawn him to her side.  
And tho' she wounded his puissant pride  
With unseemly follies, till his soul would fume,  
Now, in his grief, he felt his spirit tried  
By retributive Justice, and in lonely gloom  
He long'd to sleep with her, low in the silent tomb.

## XXIII.

The sun rose sparkling on the dewy lawn  
One happy morning in the month of May ;  
And round the manor house, at peep of dawn,  
The whistling swains went plodding on their way.  
Each had his task assigned him for the day,  
And went to it merrily, for he felt more joy  
Among the golden corn and tedded hay ;  
Than Hubert Gourney, Fortune's pamper'd toy  
And chief of all who thronged the halls of Fontenoy.

## XXIV.

The night before had been a brilliant feast ;  
A bright farago of the brave and fair ;  
And Bertram's scion revel'd not the least  
Among the debauchees assembled there.  
Nor had he worn so sybaritic air  
Since lovely Rosalind had been laid to rest ;  
It seem'd he strove to disposess his care,  
And make amusement for each dissolute guest  
With many a bumper pledg'd, and gay vivacious jest.

## XXV.

And that fair morning had been set apart  
For forest pastime in the ardent race ;  
And many a gallant huntsman felt his heart  
Burn to obtain the trophies of the chase.  
And many a lady, with a smiling face,  
Heard the old forester wind his bugle horn,  
And the shrill beagle, barking in his place,  
While, to the lofty chamber windows borne,  
The sprightly carol rose upon the breeze of morn.

Awaken fair ladies, brave barons awake,  
 From his kennel the fox looketh over the lea;  
 And laughs as he whisks thro' the covert and brake—  
 What sluggards the sons of the Fontenoy's be.

The sunlight kisses the dewy blade,  
 And the pricket bounds thro' the leafy shade.  
 Where the chrystal stream  
 With its shooting gleam,  
 Like a silver cord is laid.

The clamorous hounds from the couples are freed:  
 The coursers are waiting with housing secur'd;  
 And the brach, bounding eagerly over the mead,  
 Bays deep by the sniff of the quarry allur'd.  
 The morn is bright over vale and height,  
 And the hare looks back in her limping flight  
 O'er her path thro' the grassy lea:  
 And bends her ear  
 To the wind with fear,  
 For the huntsman's loud hullo, and the bugle's trill-a-lee.

In battle the heart of the warrior may bound,  
 When the clarions bray and the culverins roar;  
 But the twang of the hunt is a musical sound,  
 And pleases the soul of the forester more.  
 When the welkin round, and the woods resound  
 With the mingled music of horn and hound;  
 Then mount and away, then mount and away,  
 The sun hath dawn'd on a merry day.

## XXVI.

The butler loiter'd in the castle gate,  
 As to the hunt the barons pass'd along;  
 And, with a face portending some dire fate,  
 Address'd Lord Hubert with a trembling tongue.  
 "My noble master! while you yet were young,  
 In boyhood's hours, I led you by the hand,  
 Rhyming the prophecy that the minstrel sung  
 Of Gournay's race, illustrious and grand,  
 In whose proud veins doth run the nobility of the land.



When on Sir Geoffery's chamber wall,  
And on his Bridal Bed,  
The stream, that from his wounds did fall  
By hands inhuman shed,  
Turns red,

*Beware, the Lord of Gourney's Hall,  
That day shall see thee dead.*

## XXVII.

Strange sounds last night did mar my wonted peace,  
Unearthly laughter, revelry and mirth;  
As if the ghosts of all De Gourney's race,  
With flowing bumpers round th' ancestral hearth,  
Held midnight carnival o'er the scenes of earth,  
And anon, as bachanals of flesh and blood,  
The fiery potions gave contention birth,  
And broke the bonds of festive brotherhood,  
With many a fierce debate and unforgotten feud.

## XXVIII.

No guest reposed upon the bridal bed,  
Nor limb hath press'd its drapery since the day  
When on the walls, in many a tincture red,  
The reeking blood of old Sir Geoffery lay,  
And yet this morn, the sun's ascending ray  
Reveal'd a scene of deeper, darker dread;  
For, though long ages that have pass'd away  
With him, have given his memory to the dead,  
That stream upon the floor appear'd a newly shed.

## XXIX.

Wherefore, my lord, I pray thee to forsake  
This day the hunt, for danger lurketh nigh  
'Tis perilous sport, and harm may overtake  
Where neither harm nor danger we espy.  
Long lease of life hath given to my eye  
Prophetic vision; but I fain would see

My liege vouchsaf'd long lustrums to enjoy  
His rich estate, and lordly luxury,  
The proud and pleasant rank of gallant company."

## XXX.

The lording look'd with arrogant disdain  
Upon his faithful monitor, in whose word  
He saw the seeds of superstition vain,  
Beneath the pure refinement of a lord.  
An idle whim-wham, that could ne'er afford,  
To minds like his, that never felt a fear,  
And with the ornature of science stor'd,  
A theme for aught but ridicule, and the sneer  
That dries in Scorn's proud eye, the spirit's softer tear.

## XXXI.

From the wild braken and the forest shade,  
The sound of horn and twanging bowstring came  
In noisy tumult, while adown the glade,  
Swift as the sunlight, sped the startled game.  
And many a stag fell 'neath the archer's aim,  
While with the mingled rout the woodland rung;  
And many a rosy lass and sprightly dame,  
With bended crossbow at their saddles slung,  
O'er rocks and broad mouth'd dykes, upon their palfreys sprung.

## XXXII.

That day young Ronald sat upon a crag,  
Sketching the rock-bound valley, dark and green;  
And, ever and anon, his hand would lag,  
While his artistic eye drank in the scene.  
Long had he sat; and longer had he been,  
But that the deepening shades of evening drew  
A veil opacous o'er the vernal sheen,  
And hid the folious prospect from his view;  
While each green glittering blade did drink the falling dew.

## XXXIII.

Musing, as homeward thro' the coppice dense  
He walk'd, upon the hapless course he led;  
His mean dependence on the source from whence  
He drew the paltry pittance of his bread.  
He flush'd with shame, but grieved not that he wed  
The plebeian Eleanor; but upraided fate  
That clothed him thus with indigence instead  
Of rightful rank and affluence, but to hate  
Hubert, he could not tho' half envying his state.

## XXXIV.

Sudden he stop'd, a low and burdensome moan  
Upon his startled ear lugubrious broke;  
A sound betwixt a whisper and a groan,  
That came from out the thickets tangled nook.  
And oft the feeble breathing seemed to choke,  
As if the pangs of mortal agony,  
Precursing what no remedy might revoke,  
Strove to evert the vital energy,  
To quench the struggling flame, and set the spirit free.

## XXXV.

Some fawn, he thought, which bleeding hath escap'd  
With partial mischief from the sportsman's bows;  
And, sorely press'd, hath to this covert crept,  
To lick the wounds from which its life blood flows.  
And, fraught with sympathy for its bestial woes,  
He approach'd the arbor, in whose dim recess,  
He beheld, Great Heaven! his brother's marble brows  
Stretch'd on the sward, inert and motionless,  
While in his glazing orbs the light of life wax'd less.

## XXXVI.

His garments torn and drenched with his blood,  
Which from a dire, and fresh inflicted wound,  
With every fainting breath, discharg'd a blood  
That bath'd his laboring breast and ting'd the ground,  
And trampled turf, and deep impressions round,  
Evinc'd a scene of violence and strife ;  
While from a further scrutiny, Ronald found,  
That from an assassin's sharp and treacherous knife  
He met the cruel stroke, that claim'd his earthly life.

## XXXVII.

There, in the twilight of that summer's eve,  
The haughty Hubert's spirit pass'd away ;  
But ere its favilous temple it did leave,  
The pulse revived and lent him power to pray.  
And while upon that generous breast he lay,  
His sorrow burst the prison house of pride,  
And dew'd his cheeks, unbathed since the day  
He wept above his Rosalind when she died,  
And now to Heaven's high throne, in penitence he cried.

## XXXVIII.

The corpse was borne with reverence to the manse,  
And stretched bleeding on the bridal bed ;  
While the gray Butler came with mournful glance,  
And all the sequacious throng with solemn tread,  
To view the form from which the spark had fled.  
But some there were who ill concealed their joy,  
For Ronald now should bear the rule instead,  
And his kind smile were sweeter to enjoy.  
Than Hubert's gold and all the pomp of Fontenoy.

## XXXIX.

And next, those gentlemen of legal air  
Some hours debated on the curious case ;  
With terse, sententious questionings as to where  
The deed transpired, and features of the place.  
Noting the evidence with professional grace ;  
Then gave this verdict--that some violent cause,  
And one they hop'd that justice soon should trace,  
Though doubtful charges have their dangerous flaws,  
Produced the dreadful crime, and thus defied the law

## XL.

But soon the myrmidons of justice came,  
With valid writ to hinder and arrest  
The innocent Ronald, acting on the claim  
That fate from trifling grounds doth often wrest  
Proofs, strong and cogent, by the law confess'd,  
To whose account it should impute the blame ;  
And recent revelations did unfold  
An evident mark to direct the judicial aim,  
In fastening the dark blot of crime upon his name.

## XLI.

Why longer should my narrative conceal  
My own identity with that child of shame ?  
Nor spurn me, stranger ! when my words reveal  
That I am he, who from his country came  
With infamy branded, and a murderer's name ;  
When these long locks, now powder'd white as snow,  
In auburn curls adorn'd a manly frame,  
In fiery youth when mystic passions grow,  
And the full bosom thrills with rapture's waking glow.

## XLII.

But sorrow's canker did anon destroy  
The budding blossoms of my youthful breast;  
A dreadful curse upon a feeling boy,  
With every mental misery distress'd,  
Will mar forever hope of quiet rest,  
In this dark realm of injury and pain.  
My strength succumb'd, but reason stood the test  
Ah! would to heaven that I had been insane  
Or e'er my soul had known this ignominious stain!

## XLIII.

Within my dark and cheerless prison walls,  
Day after day, my bitter soul did yearn,  
Not for the pomp of my paternal halls,  
And votive train of parasitics, did I mourn;  
But, as I mus'd, to memory would return  
The withering grief of my affectionate child,  
Thus from a father's love forever torn;  
And Eleanora, gentle, loving, mild,  
Could she e'er deem my soul thus cursed and defiled.

## XLIV.

Ah! no, she knew me guiltless of the crime,  
And this reflection did my grief abate;  
My soul grew lighter with the lapse of time,  
For inward peace enliveneth the estate;  
Yea, maketh punishment a pleasant fate,  
Save for the lack of what the mind must prize,  
Which finds not life within the prison gate—  
The charms of nature, influent to the eyes,  
In green o'erbranching shade, or calm and purple skies.

## XLV.

Days flitted by, and at the hour decreed,  
Fetter'd and trembling in the felon's stall,  
I sate dejected, with my shame to feed  
The gaping multitude around the wall.  
While mute officials strode th' judicial hall,  
With looks of awe and reverential fright,  
Seemingly timorous that a foot might fall  
With too much rudeness in the awful sight  
Of that majestic lord of equity and right.

## XLVI.

The cause was tried: the prisoner heard his doom.  
Heavens, what a doom! it made my spirit shrink  
In deadly fear, while to the dungeon's gloom  
My guard convey'd, and left me there to think  
On death's approaching fate, and sorrowing drink  
The bitter drops which from deep cisterns flow;  
Waiting to see life's last remaining link  
Divide, and free the spirit from her woe,  
Fearful of that strange state she half desired to know.

## XLVII.

Twice in my lone captivity did I see,  
And wept to see, my wan and wasted child;  
While thrice my Eleanora came to me  
With tears of woe that well nigh drove me wild.  
And then she pray'd to Heaven, and sweetly smil'd  
Her holy influence round the felon's cell;  
As God's bright minister, pure and undefil'd,  
Her looks unlearn'd my spirit to rebel,  
For with her soon in heaven, I felt 'twould surely dwell.

## XLVIII.

Day follow'd day, full slowly circling round  
Each seem'd a month, each month a lingering year—  
Dark locks turn'd gray, straight shoulders waxed round,  
And on my cheek, once rosy, did appear  
Furrows and lines, that as my end drew near,  
I seem'd an octogenary dim and old ;  
Torn from each treasure that the heart holds dear,  
Is infamous death by false suspicion sold,  
While o'er my heart a tide of bitterest grief had roll'd.

## XLIX.

She came once more to say my child was—dead,  
And bid adieu to him who soon must die ;  
My last faint beam of hope had darkly fled,  
The parting hour of pain was drawing nigh.  
She came, nor dare the jailor's heart deny  
The lonely suppliant her mournful prayer,  
The ponderous portals open'd, while his eye  
Beam'd with the glittering crystal of a tear,  
Dash'd from his humid lid, ere it did scarce appear.

## L.

That fatal night deliverance came, I fled ;  
Knowing my fate should nerve or sinew fail,  
Dress'd as a sorrowing wife, while in my stead  
The sorrowing wife lay lock'd in Chester Jail.  
O'er many a hill, through many a winding vale.  
Until at last behind the engine's roar,  
I flew like lightning o'er the groaning rail,  
With bold attempt to reach th' Atlantic shore,  
And leave my native land behind for evermore.



## LI.

That night the moon rose shimmering o'er the wave.  
Where slept the bark beside her anchor chain;  
Like some fair bird of freedom, sent to save  
The flying wretch from undeserved pain.  
To brave the tempests of the billowy main,  
Fearless and free, with her o'er ponderous freight,  
Bound for Levantine shores and ports of Spain,  
And farther still to Yemen's golden gate,  
Where with their spicy stores the Mocha merchants wait.

## LII.

What reck's the fugitive from shame and death—  
To what land forinsical he turn his eye,  
Escaping from his own? How sweet the breath  
That fills the sail, and bids the vessel fly  
Athwart the briny deep, where dangers lie  
Unseen and dark beneath the scowling wave?  
And if on Afric's burning sands he die,  
Or at the Arctic, why should mercy save  
The forsaken wretch who seeks no rest but in the grave?

## LIII.

Beyond the Mersey, like terrestrial stars,  
A thousand lights rose twinkling in the view—  
Illustrious Liverpool, whose commerce shares  
The world's great riches with her favored few.  
There may be seen the Pagan and the Jew,  
The sloe-ey'd Spaniard, spirited and proud,  
The placid Coolie, with his ebon queue,  
Or jocund Frenchman, whistling through the crowd  
And jostling the grave Turk, who curses him aloud.

## LIV.

Her streets are silent now, while hushed in rest  
The weary throng await the coming day ;  
When Mithra mounts his chariot in the East,  
And wakes the world with his effulgent ray.  
Then myriad traffickers their wares display,  
And the great drama doth again begin ;  
The tattered vagrant mingles with the gay,  
The costermonger kicks the esquire's shin,  
And blowsy slatterns walk twixt ladies tall and thin.

## LV.

Ten days and nights we sojourn'd on the deep ;  
Through Biscay's Bay and round Cape Ortegal,  
Where Broad Atlantic's lazy water's sleep,  
Or gently lave the coasts of Portugal.  
Dropping our fluke 'neath Lisbon's royal wall,  
Where from Hispania's fount the Tagus flows,  
Twixt vineyards lovelier than the fields of Gaul ;  
Romantic land, where Lusiad's fame still glows,  
Where Camoens trained the muse, and learn'd Cervantes rose.

## LVI.

What are ye now, the lonely outcast thought,  
To him who dreams upon your fallen pride ?  
Can Spain's proud annals meliorate *his* lot ?  
Or bless the soil where glory's sons have died ?  
Well have your shores religion's light denied ;  
And who may envy now your past renown,  
When federate Albion bore her shield beside,  
When from his car the Conqueror was cast down  
Pouring a sea of blood, round France's ancient throne.

## LVII.

Her's was a fervor worthy of her cause ;  
For freedom ever should inspire the soul  
To deeds deserving an heroic name,  
When blind Ambition battles to control,  
And love of country often can console  
In its bereavement, the embitter'd heart ;  
And while Remembrance "trembles to that pole"  
How oft the tender tears unbidden start,  
And to the scenes of youth a dearer form impart.

## LVIII.

Here are the monuments of victory :  
Trafalgar stands to memorize the brave,  
Who steer'd Britannia's oak across the sea,  
And found deep sepulchre beneath its wave.  
Rest on, brave souls ! for Glory's voice will save  
Your illustrious memory to a future age ;  
And though around your bones the billows rave,  
Your names undying, shall survive their rage,  
Live in your country's heart, and grace her historic page.

## LIX.

Our vessel flew along the foaming brine,  
Bojadot, Blanco, Bissa, Roxa, Verd,  
Were pass'd anon ; and o'er earth's central line  
She spread her wings like an aquatic bird,  
Shifting her courses as the breezes veer'd,  
Till o'er the blue expanse the lonely isle  
Of Bonaparte's captivity appear'd ;  
Where, meash'd and fetter'd in the conqueror's toil,  
He, though a conqueror too, died on an alien's soil.

## LX.

Fraternal exile! hapless was thy lot,  
When from the acme of imperial power,  
Driven from thy land to this secluded spot,  
Thou found'st the limit of life's little hour.  
What now remains of France thy cherish'd flow'r?  
She whom thou led'st from out barbaric state,  
High o'er her throne the shafts of ruin low'r,  
And Prussia's standard, drooping at her gate,  
Insults the martial soul thy glory did elate.

## LXI.

In this asylum of imprison'd rest,  
Thy wandering eye the billows might survey;  
And catch the sail that, glistening on their breast,  
Clove the dark waters on its destin'd way.  
And would it thy lone moodiness allay  
To mark thine own proud eagle on the sea?  
And did thy thoughts leap backward to the day  
When, 'neath its folds, you made the allies flee,  
Subdued the pride of kings, and bent the tyrant's knee?

## LXII.

Thou saw'st thine hour of glory, but 'tis past;  
It lay in battle, and a soldier's fame,  
The trumpet's brazen note, the bugle's blast,  
And blood of thousands shed to deck one name.  
Thy garland dy'd in Brandenburg's red shame,  
In Austria's blood, and many a widow's tear,  
No more shall leap to thee at Glory's claim,  
Nor bind the brow that now in death doth wear,  
With humid worms, the crown that king and vassal share.

## LXIII.

Though now an outcast from my native land,  
I, too, have known delight and honor's thrill;  
When ready menials courted my command,  
And bow'd in mute obedience to my will.  
This was my honor—by the bubbling rill,  
The rushing Dee, or in some bosky shade,  
My sweetest joy I found; where Nature still  
Spread charms before me wheresoe'er I stray'd,  
In flowers upon the field, on blossoms in the glade.

## LXIV.

These days are past, Oh! could they but return!  
The brand of infamy is on my brow  
And though the guiltless soul indignant spurn  
The odious horror, and essay to throw  
The stigma off that doth pollute it so,  
A heartless world will yet refuse to hear  
The plea of innocence, which thy haply brow  
Starts from unmanly increment of fear,  
And turn the tale aside, ere it assail the ear.

## LXV.

But what to me, poor pilgrim on the brine,  
Borne from my country and my countrymen,  
If they make bright their fame by blasting mine?  
It hath been so, and will be so again.  
But Heaven's all-wakeful eye beholdeth when  
The shaft falls justly on the human heart,  
And He doth hold, and only He, I ween,  
The ambrosial cup that serveth to impart  
Peace, when around the soul black calumny doth start.

## LXVI.

We voyag'd swiftly where the Southern sun  
Reflects his image in the glassy sphere;  
Around th' Agulhas Cape, and farther on,  
Where Mozambique's warm channel runneth clear,  
And Madagascar's heaths and aloes wear  
Perennial blossoms, and the silver tree  
Springs from the soil, luxuriant and fair,  
In tassel'd crown and furbished liverie,  
Where far Zambesi's stream leaps to the Indian Sea.

## LXVII.

O'er towering Zamba on the larboard shore,  
With fancy's eye I saw the Leambye leap;  
Twixt fertile banks where blooms the tropic flow'r,  
And in their kraals the savage Caffres sleep.  
High o'er the outlines of Lupata's steep  
I heard the thunders of the wild cascade,  
And to its margin saw the behemoth creep,  
The black polema 'neath the orange shade,  
Leaping from branch to branch, with the fierce mandril play'd.

## LXVIII.

But, sweeter still, I heard the solemn tone  
Of infant pray'r, sent up from heathen hearts;  
Taught by thy zeal, immortal Livingstone!  
Whose honor'd name to Albion's page imparts  
A ray of light, while from each kotla starts  
The heaven-tun'd chorus, and the Bakwain child  
Plucks from its father's hand the poison'd darts,  
And Malalaka, and Kasabians wild,  
Forsake their idol Barimo, for Jesus undefiled.

## LXIX.

That tongue, now fetter'd in the bonds of death,  
For what is mortal not thy fame can die,  
Proclaim'd the Gospel with inspired breath,  
Even when thou heardest the koodoo's savage cry.  
O fallen monarch! of the realms that lie  
Behind the barriers of this monstrous land.  
Known but to thine and Heaven's percipient eye,  
Doth now thy spirit in bright regions stand,  
To reap the blessed fruit it sowed on this wild strand?

## LXX.

The mystic Nile, among whose bending flags,     
The Hebrew mother laid her prophet son,  
Trac'd by thine eye to its first fountain, drags  
Its turbid stream thro' fields thy step hath won,  
By pure philanthropy of heart alone;  
Or if not won, at least prepar'd the road  
Through which the Gospel Chariot soon shall run,  
And fling the Banner of the Cross abroad,  
Above the blooming wilderness, baptiz'd in grace to God.

## LXXI.

As he who heralded the great event  
Of Shilo's advent to Judea's strand,  
Thou didst delight, on kindred mission sent,  
To make thy dwelling on the desert sand.  
The savage Boer, and Bechuana's hand  
Was given to thee in fellowship and love,  
While o'er thy head, in the Pintanga fann'd,  
The Mokwareza and the turtle dove,  
Hail'd thee with notes of joy in fair Angola's grove.

## LXXII.

From broad Nyanza, where in mystery lost  
Through ages past, the stream leap into birth,  
And down the cataract of Karuma tost,  
Through reedy fens, and moorland winding forth,  
Where the fierce River Horse plows the spongy earth,  
Where graceful Gnu, and giant Hartbeeste graze,  
Or the wild Zebra bounds in gladsome mirth  
O'er sunny uplands, where the Spring-bok strays,  
And treads with spoiling feet the yet uncultur'd maize.

## LXXIII.

And by the land where Britain's flag was borne  
On humane mission, by the bold Napier,  
To save from death his countrymen forlorn,  
Prison'd and fetter'd in the Galla's care.  
Wholesome defeat, which gave one soul to share  
The blood bought liberty of Christian grace!  
The blessed prize from England's shores he bare  
With joyous spirit to his native place,  
And told the wondrous tale to Abysinnia's race.

## LXXIV.

Through the guavas of the Nubian vales,  
The palms and cypress, baobabs and thyme,  
The figs and tamarinds, whose bloom prevails  
In sweet perenity throughout that clime.  
There too the relics of departed time  
Repose beneath the fanes of Ipsamboul,  
Whose broken towers once stood in massy prime,  
With four collossi on her ancient mole,  
'Ere Asia's races own'd the Great Rameses' rule.



## LXXV.

But why attempt to track thy mazy course?  
Far-flowing stream! most venerable Nile!  
Enough that Livingstone hath found thy source,  
Unknown and secret to the world erstwhile.  
Though in the task he perish'd with a smile  
Deeming it great and glorious thus to die,  
And rear to heaven his monumental pile;  
A golden pillar, destin'd to defy  
The shock of time, that all but glory doth destroy.

## LXXVI.

I saw Cape Prassum, through the purple haze,  
Projecting far athwart the Southern Sea;  
And fertile Zanguebar, whose reedy bays  
Stretch'd like a fenland all along the lea.  
Where the black Shelluh, and the Caffre's knee  
Bends to the Imaun on the Muscat throne,  
And the wild Arab is the only free;  
For, with his steed unfetter'd and alone,  
He roams the desert wild, and claims it as his own.

## LXXVII.

The spires of Quiloa, shining from afar,  
Rose like a mirage in the morning ray;  
Where busy Commerce wheels her golden car  
Burden'd with precious freight from day to day.  
Our little bark bore gallantly away  
With favoring breeze, and furl'd in Zanzibar  
Her flapping canvas, in the twilight gray;  
While many a tough and weather-beaten tar  
Watch'd from his hammock bed the glittering austral star.

## LXXVIII.

Long hours I lean'd across the vessel's side,  
Nor dream'd of rest, the heavens were so serene ;  
I thought of Britain's foggy isle denied  
The liquid charms that in that land are seen,  
Where every leaf wears never fading green,  
And gentle breezes, laden with perfume,  
Brood on the waves where Luna's silver sheen  
Reveals each sprite that habiteth the gloom,  
In phantom shape far down in Ocean's lab'ring womb.

## LXXIX.

And oh ! the morn, how exquisitely fair !  
And how unlike our cold septentrion strand ;  
Where dank and humid vapor chills the air,  
And hangs halituous over all the land.  
While harsh December binds with icy band  
The floral landscape, and the minstrel's bow'r,  
Smiting the emerald bough with blighting hand,  
He shakes his powder'd locks, whose feathery show'r  
Falls through the leafless wood, and hides each glinting flow'r.

## LXXX.

Up from the bosom of the sparkling deep,  
Phœbus ascended in his golden car ;  
From Orient isles, where wild flamingoes sleep  
In Java's reeds, or Straits of Macassar,  
Bright and magnificent, beaming from afar  
A shining globe of soft celestial fire,  
From whose coruscant realm each twinkling star  
Withdrew outlusted, as the disc rose higher  
Or in perihelion veil'd, swept round the flaming pyre,

## LXXXI.

The waking mariner's echoes piping loud,  
With nervous sweetness swept the waters wide;  
While every swelling sail and creaking shroud,  
And the light form that floated on the tide,  
The rugged seaman's mistress, mother, bride,  
Alike seem'd pregnant with the soul of glee,  
As o'er the billows with a rush of pride,  
Like a white albatross on pinions free,  
She sped before the breeze that rippled o'er the sea.

## LXXXII.

We pass'd anon the Babel-mandeb strait,  
Whose waters flow twixt two feracious lands;  
Where British Aden opens wide her gate,  
And pours her barter'd wealth to other hands;  
Of Hedjaz gold, from her auriferous sands,  
Where Mecca worships at the Prophet's shrine,  
And Sana's Musselmans, in pilgrim bands,  
Forth to the Kaaba reverently incline  
Behind the kirtled Mufti, that leads the moving line.

## LXXXIII.

A silent midnight 'neath a summer sky,  
A sluggish ocean, and a molten morn;  
Our little bark full languidly did lie  
Abreast the billows, like a sleeping loon.  
The chimney bells had toll'd th' nocturnal noon,  
The skipper slumber'd in his hammock aft,  
And, while the watchman trill'd a rigadon,  
The zephyrs murmur'd o'er the waters soft,  
When quivering sheets of flame burst round the sleeping craft.

## LXXXIV.

Beneath, consuming every costly spice,  
The myrrh and balsam of the Meccan priest,  
The gums of Araby, of goodly price,  
And fragrance sweet, which, as the heat increas'd,  
Fum'd like the incense o'er the sacrific beast,  
And flung a vap'ry curtain round the ship.  
The empyrosis danç'd about its feast,  
Licking its treasur'd prize with red devouring lip.

## LXXXV.

Fear and amazement sat on every face,  
As o'er the stillness broke the solemn boom  
Of the hoarse gun, their signal of distress,  
Of direful peril, and impending doom.  
The blazes lit the circumambient gloom,  
And flickering rose above the frighten'd few ;  
The cordage snap'd and, falling mid the fume,  
Which for a moment veil'd the dreadful view,  
Brighten'd the eager flames, which like long serpents flew.

## LXXXVI.

The life boat, lowering o'er the smoking side,  
Was soon o'er freighted with the flying crew ;  
Thrice was it swamp'd beneath the lurid tide,  
And thrice again to it for aid they flew.  
And, as the whisper ominously grew,  
That scarce one moment should the vessel float,  
Each face assum'd a dead and ghastly hue,  
While in despair the thronging medley sought  
With words of bitter cheer to escape the awful lot.

## LXXXVII.

Four fragile vessels, burden'd past their weight,  
Were launch'd uncertain on the moving brine;  
The pinnace held the skipper and the mate,  
Myself and other six, all told in nine.  
And how shall I the direful fate define  
Of all the residue? A score of men,  
With souls more timorous of the tomb than mine,  
Not one beheld his native shore again,  
They sleep in silent band beneath the Southern main.

## LXXXVIII.

The blackening bark, as if she strove once more  
To look abroad upon the boundless field,  
Which in her pride she oft had travers'd o'er,  
Uprear'd her head, which like a drunkard's reel'd,  
Then, with one plunge, her sepulchre was seal'd.  
Down, down she sank beneath the shrouded deep,  
And the calm moon a vacant sea reveal'd;  
For twice ten souls had perish'd in that leap  
With her that rode the main, 'twas theirs with her to sleep.

## LXXXIX.

Yes, of that fated band we saw but one,  
Bravely who rose, beneath the stars' pale light,  
As if the fury of despair had won  
A present triumph, in the parting fight,  
While in a tone of terror and affright,  
He hail'd his living comrades o'er the wave,  
Who listening paus'd not in their perilous flight,  
For well they knew did they essay to save  
The desperate wretch, his grasp would drag them to the grave.

## XC.

Where now that pageant beautiful and grand  
That rode rejoicing on the moonlit main?  
The lonely pinnace and the smoking brand,  
Were the sad monuments that did remain.  
And still the skies were smiling as serene,  
The billows gentle, and the silver wreath  
That binds the brow of Night's illustrious queen,  
Shone brightly dancing on the waves beneath,  
As ere the chrystal stars look'd on that scene of death.

## XCI.

All night we lay upon the tranquil sea;  
And, till the next, we labor'd at the oar,  
Hoping 'gainst hope that we ere long should see  
Some trading carrack from the Deccan shore.  
But hours roll'd on, and heart and eye grew sore  
With fruitless watching for expected aid,  
And every brow a gloomy aspect wore  
Which vain expectancy more gloomy made,  
As o'er the Western wave, the daylight 'gan to fade.

## XCII.

Bravely we toil'd, but toil'd alas! in vain,  
No chart nor compass had our boat to guide  
Her tedious course athwart the sluggish main,  
And bubble like she drifted on the tide.  
So days roll'd on, till gaunt and hollow-ey'd  
We grew, with hunger's maddening desire,  
While finny monsters of the deep did glide  
Along our fated track, still wheeling nigher  
To watch the expected prize, with perseverance dire.

## XCIII.

And must this prove, I thought, my final fate?  
To sink unsepulchred in death's dark sleep,  
And lay my head in unmolested state,  
Within some rock-bound cavern of the deep.  
Where humid saurians round my bones shall creep,  
Feeding their poisonous litter on my clay;  
While moon-tail'd Triton at the pyre may leap,  
And Tethy's thirty hundred Nereides play  
With Phorcus' one-eye'd daughters, upon my fun'ral day.

## XCIV.

And thou, sweet Elenora, must the blow  
Come back upon thee in thy spirit's strife?  
How doubly sorrowful it is to know  
That thou, while suffering to preserve my life,  
Must feel this unseen increment of grief.  
And was't for this I 'scapt the hangman's noose?  
Alas! the triumph had indeed been brief,  
And Fate, I murmur'd, doth her pow'r abuse,  
In mocking a poor wretch, her passion to amuse.

## XCV.

Six lingering days, and still relief denied,  
Disorder'd frenzy mounted Reason's throne;  
The seventh dawn'd, and one poor sufferer died  
With feeble struggle, and heart-rending moan.  
And still I wonder'd that he was not thrown  
With his stark comrades 'neath the waves to lie,  
Ah, Heavens! that mystery was unseal'd anon—  
I saw a gleaming knife—a frenzied eye—  
The putrid vein was pierc'd; the blood-suck'd fount was dry.

## XCVI.

Fill'd with dark horror, to the circling view  
Once more I cast a vague intensive eye,  
Where the far heavens just kiss the waters blue,  
And there, like Noah's Dove, I did espy  
Heaven's blest deliverer gliding o'er the sea ;  
With full swell'd sails her prow came dashing by,  
The skipper's glass discern'd us o'er the lea,  
And ere an hour elaps'd the famished band were free.

## XCVII.

A ship of commerce from the Persian shore,  
And mart of Indian merchanry, Busheer ;  
The rich brocades of Ispahan she bore,  
With coarser camlets from the looms of Lar,  
Bound to America, the fam'd and far ;  
To Hudson's fair wall'd London of the West,  
Where freedom's banner floats upon the air,  
And every stranger is a welcome guest,  
Where enterprise in art, with man's best praise is blest.

## XCVIII.

Around the Sandy Hook our barky sail'd,  
From her long sojourn on the stormy deep,  
While from the gaff the star-fleck'd streamer trail'd ;  
By Staten Island, where embrasur'd sleep  
The iron fed thunderers of war, that keep  
Their watchful vigil o'er a nation's right ;  
Happy and diligent race ! well do ye reap  
The glorious recompense of freedom's fight,  
In safety, praise, and peace, 'neath fair religion's light.



## XCIX.

Thou youngest, oldest city 'twixt the zones!  
Proud palace isle! with marble pillars laid,  
How beautiful appear'd thy tapering cones  
And myriad cupolas, in light display'd!  
Each bosom bounded, as our bark obey'd  
The gentle breeze, and drifted thro' the strait,  
On to the city; with her gay parade  
Of every nation's flags, or small or great,  
That float before the walls, and for her of'ring wait.

## C.

Full oft in boyhood, had my fancy trac'd  
In idle hours, wild pictures of this land—  
A mighty wilderness, a howling waste,  
Beneath whose umbrage, roam'd the savage band  
To bloody deeds with tomahawk and brand.  
And now I saw a race polite, refined,  
A fertile shore, a city proud and grand;  
People of every name and nation join'd,  
Beneath one common flag, ruled by one common mind.

## CI.

I long'd to fly the whispering haunts of men,  
To the lone valleys of the boundless West;  
To build a lodge beside the beaver's den,  
And lay me down in solitude and rest;  
Where voice of man might never more molest  
The long sought rapture of a life's repose  
On Nature's peaceful and maternal breast;  
Where wild-ey'd Lonliness doth ne'er uncloset  
The portals of her house, to friends or venom'd foes.

## CII.

The fierce and savage denizen of the wood,  
Untrain'd as yet in Mercy's sovereign cause,  
Yea, the wild cougar panting o'er her brood,  
Pays more respect to her Creator's laws  
Than cultur'd man; who, boasting that he draws  
His gentler light from the inspired page,  
Injures his fellow and receives applause,  
Where wrong commends the motive of his rage,  
And makes the paltriest fiend the paragon of the age.

## CIII.

I invok'd eternal Solitude, to feel  
That soft sublimity which doth inspire  
The poet's spirit, when it doth unseal  
The secret chords of Nature's quivering lyre,  
That fill the ravish'd fancy with soft fire;  
The bubbling rill that ripples down the glade,  
The daisy's bloom, the forest's minstrel choir,  
The green savanna, and sequester'd shade,  
In whose umbrageous depths the aureate sunbeams fade.

## CIV.

I made my dwelling in this savage land,  
On the green margin of a swelling stream;  
Where yet unscathed the forest giants stand,  
And where the sun declining, veils his beam  
Behind the occidental clouds, that seem  
Like golden pillars stretching to the sky,  
Trim'd with long fiery selvages that gleam  
With mellow light dilucid on the eye;  
Far over towering sierras, where parting shadows lie.

## CV.

And here an infant with my long lost bride  
Appear'd to share my solitary rest ;  
And here I found what prouder shores denied,  
Freedom and happiness, the first and best  
Of joys that fall at Heaven's supreme behest ;  
Which all the wealth of Ophir could not buy,  
An humble soul in a contented breast ;  
For the soul's peace, like wealth, can never fly  
And leave th' forsaken heart in poverty to sigh.

## CVI.

But here alas ! I found my bitterest grief,  
Preponderating all my former peace ;  
For earthly bliss must evermore be brief  
When earthly agencies supply the lease.  
How vain the man, who hopes his cares shall cease ?  
And well if life had satisfied the law  
On Deva's scaffold, if it might appease  
The powers of vengeance, and in mercy draw  
A veil o'er what this soul in one dark moment saw.

## CVII.

How shall I 'scape the memory of that night,  
Which o'er the space of years its horror throws ?  
How shall my vision shun the bloody sight  
Which still more palpable and ghastly grows ?  
Still like a stream the crimson life blood flows ;  
Still fierce and loud resounds that savage cry ;  
And o'er each midnight's gloom the flame still glows  
In which I saw my Eleanora lie,  
While round her danced the fiends that laugh'd to see her die.

## CVIII.

The buds of April were array'd in bloom,  
And every flowret hung its petals forth;  
While the magnolia, burden'd with perfume,  
Bent her fair head to kiss the laughing earth.  
Each bough seem'd vocal with the gladsome mirth  
Of the blythe mocking bird, that pip'd her tune  
In song to celebrate the violet's birth,  
And the proud cockatoo, with garish plume,  
Sent her loquacious note from out the forest's gloom.

## CIX.

The twilight fell; and softly from on high  
Three starr'd Orion shed his bastard light,  
Speaking the morn a clear, propitious sky,  
A cloudless dawning, and a placid night.  
The silent wood, in silver garments dight,  
Hid in her depths the nightingale, whose song  
To the lone owlet in the craggy height,  
Each interspace her note responsive flung,  
Till every shadowy glade with the deep cadence rung.

## CX.

How oft the ocean calms before a storm!  
The brightest sky precedes the blackest cloud;  
The towering Alp assumes his loveliest form  
Before he dons the tempest's lurid shroud.  
And ere that gentle morn my lone abode  
Was fir'd and wasted by the burning brand;  
The demon war cry sounded long and loud,  
Waking the slumbering echoes of the land,  
While deadly weapons gleam'd in many a tawny hand.

## CXI.

My child was torn from off her mother's breast,  
And both were bound with many a sinewy shred ;  
While, at the plumed Sakema's behest,  
My helpless form was pinion'd to the bed ;  
Beneath where hung the rafters, flaming red,  
Each passing instant threatening to descend  
And wrap me in their ruins ; hope had fled  
But Heaven design'd I should escape that end,  
And live but to endure worse pains that did impend.

## CXII.

The creeping flames consum'd the shreds of bark  
Which bound my limbs, and 'neath the cabin floor,  
Within a clay-wall'd cavern, damp and dark,  
Where I was wont my scanty crop to store,  
I baffled death, tho' burnt and wounded sore ;  
But 'ere the hell throng'd theatre I left,  
I saw, with death-shaft pierc'd, my Eleanor  
Stretch'd on the sward, her palid temples cleft,  
A cold and bleeding corpse, of sense and soul bereft.

## CXIII.

The morning sun rose smiling on the scene,  
As if to mock the haggard mourner's woe ;  
The smoking cinders scatter'd on the green,  
The sanguine streaks that told where blood did flow,  
The trampled blades, and ashes that did strow  
The area round, evinc'd a deed of blood  
To make the gazer's bosom beat more slow ;  
Life had no charm to move me as I stood  
And o'er the ruin mourn'd, in dark and bitter mood.

## CXIV.

'Neath the dark shadow of a linden tree,  
The lonely dust of her I cherish'd lies;  
And there, oft times, with fancy's eye I see,  
When twilight shadows o'er the landscape rise,  
And the pale moon weeps pity from the skies,  
Her gentle form, my first and sweetest friend;  
And with an angel's radiance in her eyes,  
Sweet words of comfort to my soul doth lend;  
Till the soft spirit tones with Nature's cadence blend.

This, stranger, is my tale, a tale of truth,  
Of darkest misery doubt and mirth,  
And odd mishaps begun in birth,  
    While brooding Grief  
    Doth wander back,  
    With strange relief  
    Along the track  
Of sorrowful manhood and adventurous youth.

And if the record of my wrongs impart  
    One generous glow  
    Or sudden flow  
Of warm emotion to thy listening heart,  
I ask not pity, since the will of Heaven  
Decrees the portion to each mortal given;  
    And though the breast  
    Of peace despoil'd,  
    Deplore the rest  
    For which it toil'd,  
Faith should adore though the heart be riven.

No, some may glide along the stream of life,  
    With love's soft gale  
    In every sail,  
Where rocks and rugged shoals are rife;  
    With music's ring  
    From voice and string

'Mid thousand wrecks of storm and strife;  
While haply one of better mind  
Lies tossing on the tide behind,  
Or sailing slow and wearily  
With vessel shatter'd and forlorn,  
At whom reproachful Obloquy  
Points the slow finger of her scorn,  
    To be at last  
    In ruin cast  
To perish on some dreary shoal,  
    Where billows roll,  
    And deep winds toll  
A solemn dirge for the dying soul.

    A different state—  
    A different fate—  
Attends each pilgrim to the skies;  
    And one may die  
    With bittered sigh,  
    Whose living eye  
Forever glow'd with the spirit's joy.  
While some who worship at sorrow's shrine,  
In death's dark hour their cares resign.  
    When the full supply  
    Of each fount runs dry,  
One spirit smiles and another sighs;  
But all united shall they rise,  
When the varying shock of time destroys  
This earthly life, and its essence flies  
To that land where the home of its glory lies,

## CANTO THIRD.

OMEME.

---

Young summer blossom'd on the leafy trees,  
Where Nature's spirit lay enwrap'd in rest;  
While o'er the upland swell'd the nocturnal breeze,  
Or gently kiss'd the river's calmy breast.

Here had the lone Omeme learn'd to stray,  
The forest lily, beautiful and pale,  
And here full often at the dawn of day,  
Her footsteps wander'd in the dewy vale.

Here would she listen to the wooing song  
Of the wild blackbird in the linden shade,  
Or charin a carol from the laverock's tongue,  
Which playful mimicry anon repaid.

She loved the flowers and green leaves, for the mind  
Which smooths its harsher nature in low prayer,  
In Heaven's great cornucopia can find  
A charm which fashion nor man's art can wear.

With the dim wand of faithful memory trac'd,  
She oft beheld a being fond and fair;  
Which, whensoever her ravish'd soul embraced,  
Vanish'd unseen, and left no substance there.

It was a mother's well remembered tone,  
That mid the silence oft address'd her ear;  
And musing by some silvery stream alone,  
Her sad sweet memory moved the silent tear.

Yes, that bright picture, like an angel's dream,  
Still held her spirit 'neath its fond control;  
Or like a meteor, cast a transient beam  
Of bliss, to light the darkness of her soul.



But how, and when, she ne'er could understand,  
Had she been reft of that maternal care?  
Where had she fallen amid that savage band?  
And if she own'd a christian kindred, where?

Then she bethought her of that luckless hour  
The dark ey'd captive to his lodge was brought;  
How she had help'd him to escape their pow'r,  
And how he pitied her unfriended lot.

"To-night he told me that he would return,"  
The maiden said, as in the silent wood  
Far from the wigwam of the sachem stern,  
Beneath Heaven's moonlit canopy she stood.

The starry zone outstretch'd across the sky,  
With milky splendor lamp'd the space above;  
The limpid river swept in silence by,  
And Nature worship'd at the shrine of love.

And there she waited, till the wanderer came,  
And bore her thence to be his lawful bride;  
The path was long, but love's procacious flame  
Doth burn thro' mountains, prison gates and pride.

Far o'er the prairie where the bison feeds,  
The plighted maid and her preserver flee;  
'Neath frowning summits and thro' flowery meads,  
And light, and shadow, onward still they sped.

---

Nigh where the Keha Paha swells the force  
Of deep Missouri, laver of the land,  
And where the swift Dakota tracks its course,  
The spires of Yankton in the sunlight stand.

And there, soft ringing on the breathless air,  
The chapel bells were echoing around;  
Now swelling loud, now sinking on the ear,  
In modulated consonance of sound.

Before the altar stood a happy throng,  
A blushing maiden and a manly youth ;  
And as the chorus tun'd the nuptial song,  
She gave her hand in innocence and truth.

And while the priest inscrib'd the solemn vow,  
A father's eye beam'd forth the light of pride ;  
Even as he saw his daughter's virgin brow  
Wreath'd with the vestal garland of a bride.

And in a lovely cottage in the West,  
Around whose walls the honeysuckles cling,  
Three happy souls in one estate are blest  
With every joy that perfect love can bring.

There dwells Omeme, daughter of the wood,  
Far from the lodges of the warriors wild ;  
There Victors' eye hath learn'd a milder mood,  
And Ronald sojourns with his long lost child.

## DREAMS OF THE SIESTA.

---

The verses in the following collection were, with a few exceptions, written prior to the age of seventeen; and the entire volume during the author's minority; which may palliate in some measure that triteness of conceit which pervades most of the passages—a fault no doubt engendered by the too superficial reading of the works of others. The mind of man is like an infant which, doubtful of its own powers, clings to surrounding objects for support in its first efforts at ambulation. It requires to be developed by the gradual attrition of every imitative tendency, invigorated by a salutary regimen of thought, and disciplined by the rigorous government of an all-conquering will, before it can be made productive of any truly original conception.

## EASTER HYMN.

---

*Gloria in excelsis Deo!*

Hark! from their lofty stations,  
The white-rob'd seraphs sing—  
Awake, ye wondering nations,  
Let rapturous peans ring.

Holy, Holy, Holy,  
Salvation is restor'd;  
The Nazarene so lowly  
Is crown'd Eternal Lord.

On every isle of ocean  
Let man incline the knee;  
From every heart devotion  
Forever swell to Thee!

Great Prince of our salvation,  
Thou bright incarnate Word!  
Let every soul's oblation  
Be—Glory to the Lord.

The Crucified hath risen  
 O'er Death, triumphant King,  
 The soul hath burst its prison,  
 The grave hath lost its sting.

Then let our souls forever,  
 Sing Glory to the Lord;  
 The God, the Gift, and Giver,  
 By heaven and earth ador'd.

---

### MOMENTO MORIENTUR.

JOB xxxiv. 20.

One moment sees the soul depart,  
 And who shall track her secret flight?  
 Or from the Eternal Fount, re-light  
 The flameless altar of the heart?

At morn or eve, in rest or toil,  
 From bridal bed, or couch of care,  
 The reaper Death doth swiftly bear  
 The sheaves of his immortal spoil.

Few years have o'er this spirit flown,  
 Yet life's transition seemeth nigh;  
 And Mercy gives my dreaming eye  
 Presentation of that dark unknown.

Nor is it unmeet the spark which burn'd  
 As 'twere by some mistaken fate,  
 Should soon forsake its leas'd estate,  
 A sunbeam to its source return'd.

Yet seems it strange man should be born,  
 One moment to lament and sigh  
 Along life's way, and then to die  
 Oft unremember'd save in scorn.

Strange? All the eye surveys is strange;  
God's universe of light and air  
With all its shapes, deformed or fair,  
Adore the soul of deathless change.

Life's bitterness I've learn'd, and mine,  
All save that mystic nature made  
Inscrutable, as Him who laid  
Its covering o'er the soul divine.

But let oblivion quench this breath,  
Which pain hath rob'd of half its force;  
The tomb awakes but sin's remorse,  
Since every pain is lost in death.

---

### RETROSPECTION.

---

Spirit of instruction! come,  
Make us learn that we must die.—COWPER.

Oh! Where are the joys that my bosom once knew,  
When the sun of my boyhood beam'd?  
They are faded and gone like the droplets of dew,  
Those delicate flowers that in infancy grew,  
And o'er the soft landscape their fragrancy threw,  
Ere the star of my sorrow gleam'd.

The pathway is dark where I wander alone,  
And the heavens o'ercast with a cloud;  
All the cherish'd companions of youth are gone,  
No smile to encourage, no gladdening tone,  
The living are lost, but I know where one  
Lies cold in his icy shroud.

And often I picture his sparkling eye  
When the shades of the night depend;  
And often I think, though I scarce know why,

That I too would like from this world to fly,  
 And rest where no bitter, nor sorrowful sigh  
 The cords of my losom might rend.

But Father assist me my fortune to bear!  
 Nor yield to the tempter's control;  
 For I know that each heart hath its mourning to wear,  
 And though wounds may be deep yet they come from thy care,  
 And in every affliction, the unction of pray'r  
 Shall soften the grief of my soul.

---

### BEYOND THE BLUE ARCH.

---

Nor shall the conscious soul  
 Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd,  
 Singling its other half, into its arms  
 Shall rush with all the impatience of a man  
 That's new come home, and having long been absent,  
 With haste runs over every different room  
 In pain to see the whole.—BLAIR—*The Grave*.

Beyond the blue arch where the Shiloh of God  
 Ascended of old with the cherubim host,  
 While angel hosannas were wafted abroad  
 O'er the worshiping throng on that beautiful coast;

In that flowery land, where affliction nor night  
 Shall darken the streams in the sunbeam that flow;  
 Where the amaranth blooms in unfading delight,  
 Shall we meet with the friends that we cherish'd below?

Yes, there we shall meet, when the Prince of our peace  
 Shall herald the soul to its mansion of rest;  
 When the streams of affliction and sorrow shall cease,  
 And the fountain of joy be unsealed in each breast.

Great Father of Mercy! then strengthen my soul;  
 And help me the Cross of Thy anguish to bear;  
 That when billows of bitter adversity roll,  
 I may hide my lone heart in the temple of pray'r.

## WISDOM.

Length of days is in her right hand ;  
And in her left hand riches and honor.—PROV. III., 16.

Sister of peace, inspire this longing soul  
With that sweet sapience of hallow'd thought,  
Which, in the days of old, like heavenly fire,  
Or the White Dove o'er Bethabara's stream,  
Came down and kindled in the royal seer.  
Knowledge, we know, is found in well-train'd heads,  
Replete with facts ta'en from the face of books,  
And conjured up to fill a present want ;  
For natural man must understand the laws  
By which all natural issues are control'd,  
At least in part, for he who knows not why  
A star is bright, or why the moon is full,  
Or concave, or oblique, or new, or old,  
Or why their bright siderial orbits tend  
With such unswerving nicety to a point,  
Whence with a grand, and ever faithful sweep  
They round the pivot, and renew their flight  
Through ages never ceasing. He who knows  
Not this, must bow to every flippant soph  
That cleps him fool. And yet how many a head,  
On which the liripoop would strangely rest,  
How many a heart ne'er privileged to beat  
Within a gown, wears wisdom's sweetest parts,  
Truth, Love, and Charity, and fairer still,  
Humility, which as the sapphire's carcanet,  
But shows the lustre of the gem it holds  
With lovelier shades while seeming to conceal.  
Shall Rudeness then, the sage professor asks,  
Thrust nice refin'd Gentility aside ?  
Or swine debar the lion from a feast  
For lips of royalty alone purvey'd ?  
And from the tomb an echoing sound replies—  
The fool hath found what you, poor philomath,  
Have squander'd life in seeking, turning round

Your scales of optics, alchemy obscure,  
Geometry, pneumatics, light and air;  
Measuring the paralax of moon or star,  
And laboring 'gainst the visible effect  
With reasons tending backward from the cause.  
While his pure heart, unpension'd to such lore,  
Bent down in pray'r, and ask'd it of his God.

---

### DONACONNA.

---

The emissary of Francis I. to the New World, somewhat tarnished his fair reputation, by the forcible abduction of certain friendly savages from the village of Stadaconna (now the city of Quebec); among whom was Donaconna, sagamore of the Algonquin tribe, with whom he had been hospitating; and whom he conveyed to St. Malo, on the coast of Brittany, where he died in the fourth or fifth moon of his captivity, after receiving the benefit of Christian baptism, with great pomp in the the Cathedral of Rouen.

No more thro' the valleys and wilds of the West,  
The warrior chief with his people may roam;  
In the land of the stranger he slumbers at rest,  
Far, far from the streams that encircle his home.

The bear and the beaver in streamlet or wood,  
Unhunted at evening may rest in their den;  
And the eagle return to her clamorous brood  
In the rocks of the mountain or wilds of the glen.

And lilies may bloom in the valleys of France,  
Her homes may be happy her heavens serene;  
O'er her beautiful vineyards the sunbeams may glance,  
And butterflies flit through her gardens of green.

But dearer by far to the warrior's heart  
Were the snow crested summits that frown'd on his birth,  
Where the wolf and the deer at the storm phantom start  
To their homes in the dark rising hills of the North.



And though the night warbler may tune her sad dirge  
 Where the alien's ashes unhonor'd are laid;  
 His spirit, unfetter'd, shall traverse the surge,  
 And dwell with his race in the boreal shade.

Yes, where the dark waves of the Saguenay glide,  
 Or the cataract mimics the voice of the sea,  
 The Sakema's Jeebi\* by moonlight will ride  
 In his airy chemaun, with the great Unktahee.†

Pale treacherous race, when you bore him away;  
 And flaunted your oriflamb's fold on his shore;  
 Did you reck that his children might witness the day  
 When your gem should be lost and your glory be o'er?

Where now is the banner ye rear'd on Kepec?  
 Talavera, Trafalgar, and Waterloo tell;  
 'Twas riven and drench'd on the Orient's deck,  
 And Freedom revived on the spot where it fell.

---

### O, LOVELY LAND.

---

O, lovely land! where the summer's sun  
 In parting beams when the day is done,  
 Flings shimmering light o'er the sacred fanes  
 That rise in their ruins from Salem's plains.

On Jordan's slope, 'neath his aureate blaze,  
 The wild gazelle in her freedom strays;  
 And slakes her thirst from the gushing rill,  
 That ripples down from the Holy Hill.

Thou gentle child of the starry sky!  
 What sorrowful thoughts in thy bosom lie?  
 As thou tread'st o'er the ruin of that bright shore,  
 Where Israel's glory shall dawn no more.

\* Chieftain's spirit.

† God of the waters.

The race of the Promise, bestow'd by God,  
Now bend to the scourge of affliction's rod ;  
And the light and pride of Jehovah's shrine.  
Are sunk where the folds of the Crescent shine.

No more at the eve to the green lip'd spring,  
The Jewish maidens their beakers bring ;  
To behold in the waters that sleep beside,  
The mirror'd hope of their people's pride.

Nor longer the thunders on Sinai's brow  
Burst forth from the dwelling of God below ;  
Nor the voice of the Spirit in love replies,  
Through the curtain that shrouds it from mortal eyes.

The crumbling temple of Zion stands,  
The pride and the wonder of other lands ;  
But vainly, alas, doth the scatter'd race  
Look back with pride to that holy place.

The Cross has wan'd, and the Crescent flies  
Like the herald of war o'er the startled skies ;  
And the Muezzin's voice on the morning air  
Still summons his train to unhallowed pray'r.

The scepter is broken ; the budding wand  
That marshal'd the tribes from their captive land,  
Lies crumbling in dust with the prophet king,  
Where the thunders of heaven o'er Nebo ring.

Oh ! Israel is fallen ; yes, fallen low ;  
And her daughters have wedded their father's foe ;  
The Ishmaelite feasts in the Hebrew's hall,  
And vengeance weeps for the sword of Saul.

PARAPHRASE OF JOB IX.

---

In Heaven He holds his bright abode,  
Enthron'd in living flame;  
Then how shall man be just with God  
Or dare to speak his name;

He breaks the fountains of the deep;  
The heavens obey His will;  
And forth the forked lightnings leap  
His fiats to fulfil.

He rides upon the stormy wave,  
Or soars beyond the sun;  
And stars His path supernal pave,  
While in their spheres they run.

Arcturus owns His guiding hand,  
To Him the Pleiads blaze,  
Orion sheds o'er many a land  
The rapture of his praise.

Lo! through the air His spirit flies,  
Mysterious in its source;  
And none but Heaven's archangel eyes  
Can track its onward course.

His anger smites the sinner down,  
Earth's riches are His spoil;  
Despair and death are in His frown,  
But rapture in His smile.

And who shall say "What dost thou, Lord?"  
Or hinder His decree;  
Creation trembles at His word—  
He gives and takes away.

The record of his pow'r is grand,  
 It spreads from pole to pole ;  
 But how shall mortals understand  
 The mysteries of the soul.

Oh ! well may erring spirits dread  
 The chastening of his rod ;  
 For where's the daysman that shall plead  
 The soul's offense with God ?

---

### ODE TO THE ST. LAWRENCE.

---

River of rivers, thy waters are flowing,  
 Like the swift moments unfetter'd and free ;  
 On thy smooth current the soft breezes blowing,  
 Fan thee along to the fathomless sea.

On thy green margin the cattle are grazing ;  
 Cheerily singeth the rustic his song ;  
 Low in the sunlight the vessel is lazing,  
 Waiting the breezes to waft her along.

In yon fair bight while the branches are shading  
 Lilies that float where the mudsucker feeds ;  
 Through the tall rushes the heron is wading,  
 And the shelldiver nurtures her chick in the weeds.

Landscapes are mutable, nations are changing,  
 Laurels are fading, and triumphs are won ;  
 Friendships are lost, and affections estranging,  
 But thou art the same, rolling silently on.

Thou art the same as when Cartier unfolding  
 France's proud flag, set his foot on thy shore ;  
 Thou art the same as when Cabot beholding  
 Worth in the soil, hoisted Britain's before.

Onward and onward, thy waters are gliding,  
Wealth on thy bosom, content at thy side,  
Two infant nations, their commerce dividing,  
Join hands of fraternity over thy tide.

---

## GREECE.

---

There points thy Muse to strangers' eye,  
The graves of those that cannot die.—BYRON—*The Giaour*.

The rippling billows kiss the land,  
On bold Collona's steep ;  
And Athens' gilded turrets stand,  
Like monuments sublime and grand,  
The pride of stern Cephissas' strand,  
Where Hesiod's relics sleep.

There sang of yore the Orphean muse ;  
There dawn'd the powers of art ,  
While Homer's strains their fires infuse,  
Or Mirandali weeps her dew,  
The child of song shall never lose  
Thy memory from his heart.

Sing Britains' proud Thalia, sing  
O'er Islam's prouder spoil ;  
When Thesbian sons of battle bring  
Their tributes to a Paynin king,  
Well may the knell of freedom ring,  
O'er every race and soil.

The Shah resumes his conquer'd crown,  
The Greek assumes his chains ;  
And of the brave who stood alone,  
Where freedom's battle flag was blown,  
O'er Lenctra, Ipsus, Marathon,  
Their memory but remains.

O Helle! hath thy feeble brood  
Forgotten that stern day,  
When Spartan sons heroic stood  
In black Thermopylæ of blood,  
Where Xerxes host, in bitter mood,  
Three Hundred held at bay?

When bold Agesilaus' band  
On red Coroneia met,  
Both Thebes and Corinth hand in hand,  
With helots from the Argian strand,  
Till blood like water drench'd the land  
Or e'er the sun was set.

When Attica's phalanx of steel  
Assailing Dellium's gate,  
Made stern Boetias' warriors reel,  
And each fraternal foeman feel  
The bitter vengeance Greeks could deal  
On those who rous'd their hate.

Have ye forgot the voice of air,  
That o'er Coulouri cried,  
Forward, Aegina! Athens rear  
The banner of thy goddess there,  
And let the haughty Persian bear  
The recompense of pride!

And Gaugamela's gory plain,  
And Eureymedon' tide;  
And dark Silesia's thousand slain,  
Where Cleomenes' warlike train  
Were routed in disgrace and pain,  
Ere Sparta's glory died.

Land of philosophy and war,  
Where are thy glories now?  
No more Bellona mounts her car,

Nor peals her trumpet notes afar ;  
No more red battle's burning star  
Shall light the warrior's brow.

High o'er Apollo's sacred fane,  
The glimmering crescent shines ;  
The alien's foot is on thy plain,  
And all thy beauties that remain  
Is where kind Nature holds her reign  
Amid Livadia's vines.

Thy deeds of chivalry are done,  
Deserted is thy shore ;  
No brave Pusanias' sword is drawn,  
No Solon mounts the Herald's stone,  
Those days are past, their heroes gone,  
Ulysses lives no more.

---

## INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF RICHMOND.

---

There are forms of greatness that die and make no sign. There are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.

On the trampled dust of the bloody plain,  
With the light scarce dead in his sweet blue eye,  
A youth was stretch'd mid the gory slain,  
With his face upturn'd to the summer sky.

Around him slumber'd a thousand dead,  
But he was the fairest of all the throng ;  
For it seem'd at the trumpet's note he fled  
From his mother's voice and the nursery song.

'Tis the call of his country to strike for right,  
And her martial glory he long'd to share ;  
His blade was red from the reeking fight,  
And his ashes lay cold and unburied there.

Draw nigh, and behold on the pale young face,  
 Half hid in the tresses of golden hair,  
 What a smile of peace and ineffable grace  
 The bloodless lips in their slumber wear.

And what is yon treasure he seeks to save,  
 So tightly clasp'd in his stiffened hand?  
 'Tis the little bible a mother gave,  
 When he march'd away with his gallant band.

The page is stained with a drop of blood,  
 But the holy hope of his soul we see—  
*I will not despair, though I cross the flood,  
 For thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

---

## PROVIDENCE.

---

There is a sovereign Power unseen,  
 That man's career assigns;  
 A power on which the soul may lean,  
 When earthly strength declines.

And when the chains of slumber bind  
 The passions of the breast,  
 And only dreams invade the mind,  
 To soothe or mar our rest;

That Power with fondest care defends  
 The fountain of our life,  
 And with the mind's oblivion, lends  
 New strength to meet the strife.

O Sovereign Lord! who rulest all  
 In heaven or earth below,  
 Let me, whate'er of ill befall,  
 Thy guardianship still know!



In darkest night or brightest day,  
Live by thy pow'r alone ;  
And keep my spirit, Lord ! I pray  
From trusting to its own.

---

### DOMESTIC DISCORD.

---

In former ages, so the fable reads,  
When individual marriages were thought  
A sad debasement ; and religious creeds  
Were somewhat lax in propagating what  
Our moral ritual teaches in regard  
To deuterogamy, or the second wife :  
There dwelt a man who deemed it monstrous hard  
That he should pass restricted thro' this life,  
And lavish all the graces of his mind,  
Which ladies say were either false or few,  
On one poor tib : he felt his heart inclin'd  
And yearning mightily for number two.  
The wife in proper strenuously did act  
Against his godless purpose, for withal,  
She knew his love a decent stature lack'd,  
And split in twain, her moiety must be small.  
Now both the wights were waxen well in years ;  
And fit it were to banish carnal wishes ;  
But such old fagots, it forsooth appears,  
In life's declining moments grow more vicious.  
Gray hairs he had and many a deep-drawn furrow,  
Which spoke him past the season of his prime ;  
These were perchance the fruit of early sorrow  
And those the necessary marks of time.  
So when the modern damsel had been brought,  
So bright and comely to the outward eye,  
The two fell roystering, and straightway fought—  
She and the elder, in resentment high,  
Against the outrage practic'd by her lord

In bearing home a punket to his breast.  
And thus the twain for weeks and fortnights war'd,  
With pangs of mutual jealousy distrest.  
And oft the elder under sly pretence  
Of fond endearment, would caress her lord ;  
While, unobserved, her fingers would commence  
Plucking the darkest hairs from out his beard  
And dappled crown, inspired by artful aim,  
That he being old and gray might better prize  
An helpmate like himself; and thus her claim  
Might supersede her rival's am'rous sighs.  
But schemes insidious usually receive  
But sorry favor from the Paphian Queen ;  
And even the younger, striving to deceive  
In like direction, sadly fail'd to wean  
His heart entire ; for while she pluck'd the gray,  
The elder leman in his love enthrall'd,  
Still singled out the black from day to day,  
And neither sped, for lo ! the man was bald.

---

### THE ERRING SHAFT.

---

I saw a form of matchless mould  
In death's pale livery drest,  
His eyes were clos'd his bosom cold  
In never ending rest.

But boyhood's bloom was on his brow,  
And 'neath the clustering hair,  
His marble features wore a glow  
Of peace, divinely fair.

A sorrowing sister bended near  
Where his cold ashes lay,  
And many a deep and silent tear,  
Embalin'd the sunless clay.

I heard again the matin bell  
Ring through the merry land,  
While on the ear melodious fell  
The choral anthem grand.

The solemn strain roll'd soft and sweet  
Upon the liquid air,  
And happy faces throng'd to greet  
The newly wedded pair.

I saw a maiden's blushing face,  
So beautiful and shy ;  
I deem'd it more than mortal grace  
That sparkled in her eye.

But by her side all powder'd o'er  
From man's departing prime,  
Was one, whose charms had fled before  
The withering march of time.

His costly garb, and gems of gold  
Could not conceal from view,  
The furrow'd lines, that plainly told  
Life's debt fast coming due.

---

Now, how doth it hap, in amazement I cried,  
That the aged remain when the youthful have died ;  
And stand at the altar to be thus allied,  
In the mantle of years to a beautiful bride ?

'Twere fitter the garland of love had entwin'd  
That forehead so gentle, beloved and kind,  
So lately I saw to its slumber resign'd,  
On a pillow of clay in its coffin confin'd.

Doth the Father of Mercy desire to save  
 The feeble and old, while He smiteth the brave?  
 And Echo replied from her garrulous cave—  
 I'll tell thee this riddle of love and the grave.

---

In Esop's boyhood, in Bœtian shades,  
 Young Cupid sported mid the fabled throng  
 Of naiads, dryads, goddesses and gods  
 Of wood or stream, that haunt that classic clime  
 Terraqueous; till, fatigued with antic play,  
 He stretched him down within a grotto cool,  
 To rest and dream upon diviner themes.  
 Now this lone grotto was the cave of Death,  
 Whose feather'd darts lay scatter'd all around;  
 And Cupid's fardel, when the urchin woke,  
 Had broken loose and let his arrows out  
 'Mid those of Death. And being darkly blind  
 He could but ill distinguish 'twixt the two,  
 And oft mistaking, to secure his own  
 Did quiver Death's instead. Thus doth it hap  
 That, tipp'd with venom, his destructive darts  
 Transfix the bosoms of the young and fair,  
 While Cupid's twanging from the string of Death,  
 Delight the souls he purpos'd to destroy.

---

## MIDNIGHT ADDRESS TO THE MANES.

---

His own soul,  
 The marvel of the everlasting will.—TENNYSON.

Spirits of the voiceless dead!  
 Intangible, eternal, rob'd in mystery;  
 Come in pale midnight drapery array'd,  
 And tell my soul your wondrous history.

If, as it hath been testified of old,  
In forms all bodiless ye wander forth,  
And in the holy hours of darkness hold  
Your silent vigils o'er the scenes of earth ;

Say, to what unseen land  
My spirit shall repair,  
When death dissolves the band  
That binds it to its care.

The wise Koheleth says, that on the day  
'Tis call'd away from earth,  
It leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,  
Returning back to Him who gave it birth.

Can it then be ye sprites that roam abroad,  
And on the silver moonbeams fly,  
That ye descend as messengers of God,  
From the great throne on high ?

Or do ye wait  
In ærial regions, wafted to and fro,  
The last high tribunal of endless fate,  
To reap the harvest of your deeds below ?

My soul ere long must leave its dust behind  
To join your winged throng ;  
But ne'er till crown' with amaranth, shall find  
To what strange realm the shades of men belong.

But never let me feel a dread  
Lest those departed heavenward reappear,  
For if in sleep they hover o'er my head,  
'Tis angels' fellowship, and God Himself is near.

FRAILITY OF MAN'S STATE.

---

No bud of pleasure here on earth  
Can bear the flower of peace ;  
For seeds of sorrow, sown in birth,  
Spring forth as years increase.

The soul may sip from every stream  
Of passion's foul excess,  
'Twill prove, however sweet it seem,  
A fountain of distress.

To me the flattering voice of Fame,  
Or parasitic praise,  
To please a blind ambition came  
In boyhood's early days.

I knelt at beauty's shrine, elate  
With all my fancy priz'd,  
And learn'd, but learn'd alas ! too late,  
Such charms should be despis'd.

With languid hope and spirit sore,  
I sought to find relief,  
In drinking from the fount of love  
Deep physic for my grief.

"Of making books there is no end,"  
Was wisdom's warning cry ;  
Much study weariness will lend,  
Go, man, and learn to die.

I've tried each earthly charm but wealth,  
Of all most insecure ;  
But poets find their saving health  
In being always poor.

Then to the Scripture record given,  
I turn'd me in despair,  
But till I thought and dream'd of Heaven,  
I found no promise there.

---

### THE INVOCATION.

---

Despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.—JOB v., 17.

The lamp in the chamber was burning,  
Where a beautiful infant lay ;  
And the heart of a mother was mourning  
The soul that was passing away.

And she wept in affectionate sorrow,  
Each gasp of its flickering breath ;  
For she knew ere the dawn of the morrow,  
'Twould be rob'd in the mantle of death.

There lone in solicitude kneeling,  
She pray'd to her Father above,  
That He might be kind in his dealing,  
And spare the first fruit of her love.

She pray'd and her sorrow was lighten'd,  
Hope kindled a beam in her heart ;  
And 'ere the next morrow had brighten'd,  
That pray'r had accomplish'd its part.

Her dear cherish'd offspring was sleeping,  
And death had relinquish'd his prey ;  
While a mother transported was weeping  
In joy o'er the cot where he lay.

Then she worship'd the Lord for His kindness,  
In restoring the hope of her heart ;  
But little she dream'd in her blindness,  
'Twere better to let him depart.

She saw him a boy in his beauty ;  
A man in his vigorous prime ;  
But his soul oft neglected its duty,  
And a mother oft wept at the crime.

In the slippery pathway of evil,  
She smil'd on his beautiful face ;  
Though she knew him in bonds to the devil,  
Led far from the fountain of grace.

She saw him in pangs agonizing,  
Bewailing the day of his birth !  
And she thought of her prayers ever rising,  
For his longer probation on earth.

And she cried, in the depth of her anguish,  
Great God ! Thou hast broken the spell ,  
When I saw him in innocence languish  
Oh why did my spirit rebel ?

---

When the fountain of sorrow is flowing,  
And robbing our bosoms of rest ;  
Lord ! teach us the beauty of knowing,  
That Thou orderest all for the best.

---

### YOU NAUGHTY GIRLS.

---

I will never more believe you  
Nor with loving arms receive you,  
But I'll die a bach' to grieve you,  
O you naughty, naughty girls !  
For when you heard me sighing  
That my heart was surely dying,  
With the love there's no denying,  
How you laugh'd you wicked girls !



When my noble muse was rhymin'  
 Sonnets to the shrine of Hymen,  
 How you call'd me "Simple Simon,"

O you bold-fac'd saucy girls!  
 How your artful whispers fed me,  
 And from every virtue led me,  
 Till my nightly slumber fled me  
 O you vile, deceitful girls!

While to chaperon your graces  
 All envelop'd in French laces,  
 Oft to smile on other faces,

O you naughty, naughty girls!  
 Summoned without word of warning,  
 Every proffer'd reason scorning,  
 Lancers, jig, or waltz till morning,  
 Just to please you, naughty girls!

After all we claim a favor,  
 Just one parting kiss, to flavor  
 Stupid dreams, with pleasant savor,  
 And you scratch us, naughty girls!  
 But I dote upon my d——l  
 Even when she's most uncivil,  
 She's a necessary evil,  
 And a naughty—no, delightful girl.

---

## THE PRUNING OF THE VINES.

---

Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.—JOHN xv. 2.

In the cold dismal street,  
 'Mid the fast falling sleet,  
 Stood a beggar despised and forlorn;  
 And I saw a rich wight,  
 When he cried for a mite,  
 Pass by with a motion of scorn.

But I saw that proud man  
When his miseries began,  
For his riches had vanish'd away ;  
And that pitiful cry  
Seem'd to come from the sky,  
As he knelt in his hovel to pray.

His vine had been prun'd by the hand of the Lord,  
That its fruit might enrich his eternal reward.

A fond mother smil'd  
O'er the cot of her child,  
As it lay in its slumber of joy ;  
And whisper'd so low,  
As she kiss'd his soft brow,  
Heaven shield thee, my beautiful boy !

But the coldness of death  
Chill'd the fount of his breath,  
And he flew from his sorrows below ;  
While the tears that were shed  
On the turf at his head,  
Told the parents how deep was their woe.

Their vine had been prun'd by the hand of the Lord,  
That its fruit might enrich their eternal reward.

At the hallowing shrine  
Of affection divine,  
I saw a fair bride in her youth ;  
And the love of her heart,  
Like a fountain did start,  
From the fathomless ocean of truth.

And a heavenly grace  
Lit her beautiful face,  
As she trustingly bent to his will ;  
And the lightning of joy  
Flash'd bright from her eye,  
When he promis'd to shield her from ill.

But I saw her once more,  
 On a far distant shore,  
 Where sorrow had dawn'd on her day,  
 And that form was bent low,  
 'Neath the burden of woe,  
 As she wept o'er her darling's cold clay.

Her vine had been prun'd by the hand of the Lord,  
 That its fruit might enrich her eternal reward.

---

### ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

---

Come in, thou bright and heavenly guest !  
 And make thy dwelling in my breast ;  
     Oh ! never hence depart !  
 Stay, stay, and let my spirit share  
 Thy smile, that sweetens every care,  
     And gladdens every heart.

Thy presence cheers Misfortune's face,  
 And lends to penury a grace  
     That wealth can ne'er bestow ;  
 Then come and make thy home with me,  
 Reign in my heart, and I shall be  
     Divinely blest below.

I'd envy not the rich and great,  
 Nor covet power nor gaudy state,  
     Nor claim a loftier sphere ;  
 My wealth should be what Heaven provides,  
 And seeking nothing more besides,  
     Live ever happy here.

My home should be an humble cot,  
 In some sequester'd, silent spot,  
     Far, far from care and strife ;

And wandering through the sylvan glade,  
Each bird that warbled in the shade,  
Should cheer my lonely life.

I'd read the book of Nature through,—  
The tender flow'r, the sparkling dew,  
The streamlet as it flow'd ;  
Each should its tale of wisdom tell,  
And when the shades of evening fell,  
Alone, I'd worship God.

---

### IN HOC SIGNO VINCES.

---

The lambent Cross in heaven that hung  
Its glory on the cloud,  
When proud Aurelius' pagan tongue  
First utter'd pray'r to God ;  
A pledge of warlike triumph gave,  
'Twas on their banners worn ;  
And o'er old Tiber's turgid wave,  
The blood-stain'd Cross was borne.

It made Creation's children free,  
On Calvary planted high ;  
Where meek-ey'd Mercy wept to see  
The Pilgrim Prophet die.  
And still the blessed symbol shines,  
To us the promise given !  
The Cross that broke the pagan shrines  
Now lights the way to heaven.

When sorrow's billows fret and toss  
Around the troubled breast,  
Faith points the soul to Jesus' Cross,  
And Love performs the rest.

Then let us wave the standard high,  
The Christian's conquering sign;  
Fight 'neath its folds, and victory  
Shall on our banners shine.

---

### AFAR IN THE WEST.

---

Afar in the West, where the wild flow'rs are winding,  
A beautiful shroud o'er the dust of the dead,  
We laid her to rest, with the tears dimly blinding  
Our eyes, for the smile that in darkness had fled.

Too pure was her soul to be wither'd by sorrow;  
Too holy her love to be wasted on earth;  
But the floweret that sleeps at the dawn of the morrow  
Shall start from its slumbers to heavenly birth.

When the shadows of eve o'er the landscape are stealing,  
And Nature lies hush'd in the cradle of rest;  
Then memory unseals the deep fountain of feeling,  
And, dreaming, I gaze on that flower of the West.

But we would not recall thee, nor ask thee to barter  
The joys of the blest, for earth's sorrow and gloom;  
Though Love may lament thy untimely departure,  
And pour her full grief o'er the dust of thy tomb.

---

### THE MARRIAGE OF THE SEASON.

---

Hurrah! hurrah! for a moonlight ride,  
For old Winter hath wedded his chosen bride,  
And her vestal garment is flowing wide,  
O'er the forest so cold and bright.

Let us forth to the nuptials with joyous zeal,  
While the sleigh bells are ringing a merry peal;  
Let no lingering sadness over us steal,  
For this is his wedding night.

The moonbeams are dancing across the plain,  
And the North Wind whistles a merry strain,  
As down the valley and through the lane  
He speeds on his mission of mirth.

The eyes are bright in the heavens to-night  
That twinkle with joy on the gladsome rite;  
And the echoes sing through the forest white,  
Old Winter hath wedded the Earth.

Away! away! with hearts so gay,  
While the shadows around us sport and play,  
And the whispering breezes seem to say—  
Farewell to the golden year.

Away, my steed! with a frolicsome speed,  
O'er the ice drops that break like an amber bead;  
For the starlights are gleaming o'er moor and mead,  
And the gray dappled morn draweth near.

The bride is won, and the bridal is done,  
And home from the revel in haste we run;  
Ere the burnish'd rings of the rising sun,  
On the brow of the mountain appear.

## THE SOLEMNITY OF SOLITUDE.

And Thou, my God, whose piercing eye  
Distinct surveys each deep recess;  
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,  
And with Thy presence fill the place.—PHILLIP DODDRIDGE.

Thou solemn temple of the most sublime!  
Eternal Solitude! incipient spouse  
Of God, and mother of the universe!  
Bend thy gray head, and let thy reverend ear  
Drink in the thoughts that from my swelling soul,  
Like the deep bubbling of a mountain spring,  
When from the fullness of her laboring womb  
It bursts in currents chrystalliz'd and pure,  
Such is the soul's devotion 'Neath this arch,  
Whose leafy gates each harsher sound exclude,  
The thirsty mind imbibes a calmer bliss,  
Than human fellowship bestows. The eye  
Can here behold the handicraft of God,  
His matchless skill in every line display'd;  
His spirit life that dwells and breathes in all.  
The whispering leaves that with ten thousand tongues,  
In sweet colloquial intercourse, prolong'd  
From morn till night, from night till dewy morn,  
Sing the glad themes that from the ravish'd tongue  
Of Eden's Lord in sylvan anthems rose.  
The wild flow'r flourishing as when it came  
With wakening tinctures manifold and fair,  
From God's all procreant hand. The birds of voice,  
Tuning their melodies inspired and taught,  
When, called from out chaotic interval,  
By the strong fiat of his will they came.  
These stand unchang'd, and Time, whose chariot shakes  
In swift career, the brazen battlements  
And solid permanence of throned kings,  
Leaves scarce a mark on Nature's lovely form.  
There hangs the same blue empyrean arch,  
That glittering canopied the infant world;  
The same soft breezes tempering the air,

The calm and silver clouds, the golden sun,  
 The stars impennuous, seen like waning lamps  
 Behind the richer reservoir of heat,  
 And as reluctant of complete eclipse  
 Shedding a mediocrity of light.  
 All nature smiles as when the voice divine  
 Pronounc'd its benison on the universe,  
 And only man who stood above the whole,  
 Invested ruler, sublunary lord,  
 And little lower than the angel host;  
 Man, at whose fabrication Heaven and Earth  
 Burst forth in strains of ecstasy divine,  
 While even the Great Artificer Himself  
 Declar'd the deed magnificent, now walks  
 Beside the ox that grazes on the plain,  
 And feels himself more despicable far,  
 If aught of calm reflection stir his soul,  
 In this probationary state than he,  
 Though unendow'd with rational desires,  
 But thanks to God, whose love could ne'er direct  
 The doom of one to His own life allied;  
 Man hath a hope that reaches where the mould  
 Of things material can never rise,  
 And, reimplanted in its kindred soil,  
 The bud of immortality shall bloom  
 In glory greater than its birthday knew.

---

## MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

---

Sad are my thoughts alone.—Song of Vinvela, in CARRIC THURA.

With what power the soul's reflection  
 Charms to flight our phantom fears,  
 When our thoughts in dark affliction,  
 Wander back to bygone years.

In those happy hours revealing  
 Joys which with our childhood end,  
 Lightly o'er our senses stealing,  
 Comes the form of many a friend.



See the time-worn cottage peering,  
Crown'd with ivy's emerald wreath,  
Whispering boughs their mantle sharing,  
Shield it from the tempest's breath.

Fancy follows Memory's finger,  
To that spot where sorrow fades;  
Oh! let boyhood's relics linger  
Sweetly 'neath thy sylvan shades.

Parents, kindred, all have perish'd,  
Swept away by Time's cold blast;  
Thou, old Home! though fondly cherish'd,  
Must to dust decay at last.

Fare ye well, O youth and pleasure!  
Lingering long, we look behind;  
And our tear—an angel's treasure,  
Speaks of friends we ne'er shall find.

Can we now when ills befall us,  
Claim a mother's fondest care?  
Can a father's voice recall us,  
Should the tempter's wiles ensnare?

Can we lay us down at even,  
On the pillow of our youth,  
While protecting prayers to Heaven,  
Sweetly rise on wings of truth?

Vain reflection, all are vanish'd,  
And may Mercy guide our feet,  
To that land where cares are banish'd,  
Where as brothers all shall meet!

There, though earthly hopes be blighted,  
Mortal members rack'd with pain,  
Friend with friend once more united,  
Shall with love forever reign.

## A WINTER EVENING.

Come, thaw the cold, and lay a cheerful pile  
Of fuel on the hearth !

HORACE—*Trans. Cowper.*

Now the sun, with waning splendor,  
Glimmers thro' the leafless wood ;  
Casting shadows tall and slender,  
O'er the river's frozen flood.

Dismally the forest creaking,  
Sounds beneath the tempest's tread ;  
While the kine, a refuge seeking,  
Huddle 'neath the friendly shed.

Winds are moaning, shutters swinging  
With a sad unmeasur'd sound ;  
While along the eaves are clinging  
Spires that almost touch the ground.

Now the parting beams ascending,  
Rest upon yon summit pale ;  
While along the earth extending,  
Evening deepens o'er the vale.

Rising upward, slow and stately,  
Luna's silver beams unfold,  
O'er the landscape, that so lately  
Shone in tints of burnish'd gold.

Bright the silver stars are twinkling,  
And from every sheated bough,  
Chrystal icicles are tinkling  
On the crisp and frozen snow.

Leafless oaks, like giants keeping  
Watch o'er Nature's wintry rest,  
Even the squirrel, no longer peeping,  
Dozes in his mossy nest.

But within the fagot blazes,  
And composed secure and snug,  
In its glow the lurcher lazes  
On the warm and shaggy rug.

Drowsy from prolonged leisure,  
Or disturb'd by childish din ;  
See him start with doubtful pleasure,  
Snarl, and stretch his sleepy chin.

Snarl as if he meant a warning  
To the heedless romping band,  
Who, the premonition scorning,  
Pluck him with mischievous hand.

Then the sire, with gentle chiding,  
Peers across his open book ;  
Where the little knaves are hiding,  
Fearful of his stern rebuke.

While the dame, with busy fingers  
Plies the oft reverted thread ;  
Or with love maternal, lingers  
O'er her sleeping cherub's bed.

Whispering low a tender blessing,  
Breathing soft a sacred prayer ;  
Or the little cheek caressing,  
As it kneels beside her chair.

How such scenes of bliss remind us  
Of the joys our spirit knew,  
In that home so far behind us,  
Where our thoughtless childhood grew.

Hours when Hope's bright star was burning,  
O'er youth's heaven serene and clear ;  
Now, on Memory's wings returning,  
Wake the spirit's sorrowing tear.

We a mother's fond affection  
Knew, but ne'er may know again;  
Feeling all our youth's defection,  
Makes us proud that we are men.

Oh! could we, our lives recasting,  
Know once more that mother's care;  
But away, 'tis vain contrasting  
What we are with what we were.

Man hath but a scanty measure  
Of felicity on earth;  
One short interspace of pleasure,  
'Twixt his boyhood and his birth.

And he drinks, while scarcely knowing,  
Deeply from the ambrosial cup;  
Till, from manhood's fountain flowing,  
Sorrow falls in every cup.

Round the hearth the throng collected,  
Watch the fagots' flickering light;  
While the fireside sport's neglected  
At the eve's accustom'd rite.

From the sweet prophetic pages,  
Solemnly the father reads;  
Words that will survive the ages,  
By the light their sapience sheds.

Words of deep, mysterious meaning,  
And each happy, childish face,  
Wisdom from the lesson gleaning,  
Wears a look of soberer grace.

Kneeling<sup>\*</sup> there, with reverence lowly,  
Round the sacred family shrine;  
Words of prayer sublime and holy,  
Rise to Heaven on wings divine.

Words of reverend supplication,  
Fitting prelude to our rest;  
Feeling that the invocation  
Utter'd now, may be our last.

Ah! 'twere well in every dwelling  
Thus to hear the voice of praise;  
Hear the psalm of triumph swelling,  
As in patriarchal days.

Then our land, with faith increasing,  
Triumphing in freedom's fight;  
Should partake the promised blessing,  
Shed o'er Justice, Truth, and Right.

Now the household all retiring,  
To somnific comforts flown,  
Leave the midnight lamp expiring,  
And the moralist alone.

---

### THE MAPLE'S LAMENT.

---

Cold Autumn! why comest thou over the land,  
To mar with thy touch my vernal form?  
Thou scatterest my robe with relentless hand,  
And leavest me shivering to winter's storm.

My robe is torn, and its sunder'd shreds  
Are filling with gold the forest bowers;  
On its faded fringe the brown squirrel treads,  
As he garners his store for the wintry hours.

The birds that sang in my curtain'd bough,  
Their innocent measures of thoughtless love,  
Have fled, for my bosom is barren now,  
And cold as the blast that howls above.

Alas! for my beautiful robe of green;  
 My sorrowing eyelids the dewdrops shed;  
 Weep woodlands, wherever rude Autumn hath been,  
 Oh! weep for the pride of our lives is fled.

Weep floweret! that sprang 'neath my sombre shade,  
 When thy beautiful head was young in birth,  
 My mantle the scathing sunbeams stay'd,  
 And made thee a gem on the lap of earth.

But now, when the pitiless wind blows chill,  
 And Winter is showing his scowling face;  
 Bend down, fair flower, we must yield to his will,  
 For his herald proclaims him in every place.

But oh! when the fields from their rest revive,  
 And this mantle of snow from their bosoms fling;  
 In *his* season of grief thy germ shall live,  
 And we'll sweetly smile in the arms of SPRING.

---

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

---

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
 And a new face at the door, my friend,  
 A new face at the door.—TENNYSON.

All hail! thou bright and happy morn,  
 That comest with radiance to adorn  
 The opening of the year.  
 While memory wafts our fancy back,  
 Adown Time's dim and fading track,  
 How chang'd the scenes appear.

How many hearts, now sever'd wide,  
 With happy hopes stood side by side  
 One year ago to-day!  
 How many a torn and bleeding breast,

Hath found in death its final rest,  
And slumbers in the day!

Heaven, to each heart whom ills among  
Send bright-wing'd Peace and halcyon Joy!  
Oh! comfort the distress'd!  
Feed the lone poor with bounteous hand,  
And give sweet peace to every land  
By envious War oppress'd.

Hark! how the merry sleigh bells ring,  
Blythe hearts with burning pulses, wing  
The laughing hours away;  
While 'tis our sad and lonely part  
To nurse the sorrows of a heart  
That once was light as they.

But time, nor mirth, can e're erase  
The smile of that fraternal face  
That lately shared our joys;  
Although we feel he's happier far  
Where neither grief nor pain can mar  
The rest his soul enjoys.

Farewell, old Season! yield thy trust,  
Time deems the swift succession just;  
'Tis he that doth deprive;  
We'll hang his glass upon the wall.  
And mark what glorious hopes shall fall,  
Ere Eighteen Seventy-five.

## MY SOUL IS SORROWFUL.

---

 MATT., XXVI., 38.

When Sorrow folds her brooding wing,  
 And Hope forsakes her fallen shrine,  
 What sweeter balm can memory bring  
 To soothe this bleeding heart of mine.  
     In Gethsemane  
     *He wept for me!*

Should fond affection linger near  
 When life's last sunshine flickereth low,  
 May Love repel the rising tear  
 And waft my soul from all below!  
     On Calvary  
     *He died for me!*

On Jordan's shore, 'mid storm and gloom,  
 His pilgrim footprints still I see;  
*Spes mea Christos*, for the tomb  
 Is swallow'd up in victory.  
     All potent plea,  
     *He rose for me!*

In Heaven's bright courts, the seraph throng,  
 Shall mount the air on golden wing,  
 And waft the echoing strains along—  
 "Hosanna to our God and King!  
 Praise! praise thou son of man redeem'd and free,  
*He wept, He died, He rose, He reigns for thee."*



## TO MISS ———.

The star that lights our path to-day,  
With bright effulgence beams;  
While love and joy along our way,  
Triumphant hold alternate sway,  
And hope illumines with cheering ray  
The landscape of our dreams.

But soon afflictions gather fast,  
The fount of sorrow flows;  
The auspicious morn is overcast,  
And not one link remains at last,  
To join the future with the past,  
Save bitterest pain and woes.

Love too, is fleeting as a dream,  
It flies from charm to charm;  
'Tis like the falling meteor's gleam  
That lights the heavens with transient beam,  
Or bubbling of a crystal stream,  
That freezes in the storm.

The bloom that mantles Beauty's brow  
If but a fading crown;  
The loveliest form is soon laid low,  
As flowers that in the parterre glow,  
'Neath Autumn's chilling footsteps bow  
In wither'd beauty down.

But in the wreck of all we see,  
'Mid pleasure, hope and pain,  
When fancy's fond illusions flee,  
And distance severs you and me,  
My sweetest thought shall rest with thee  
While life and thought remain.

## SEEK YE THE LORD.

AMOS v.

“Who shall the vengeance of our God defy?  
 Seek ye the Lord”—the hoary Prophet calls;  
 “Turn yet and live O House of Israel! Why  
 Should Heaven’s displeasure rest upon your walls?  
 Turn to the God whose power subdued thy foes;  
 Who smote the oppressor with unnumber’d woes  
 And made your fathers free!  
 Who broke captivity’s corroding chain!  
 The lambent light that glow’d on Etham’s plain,  
 When Egypt’s chivalry in startled pain,  
 Sank in the refulgent sea!”

That voice was lost; and o’er the sleeping land  
 The angel Mercy wav’d her chastening rod;  
 Rebellious Gilgal’s pamper’d children stand  
 To feel the vengeance of an angry God.  
 For Israel’s sins like fetid odors rise,  
 On idol incense to the offended skies;  
 Wierd Famine stalks alone;  
 Smiting the spoiler in Jehovah’s name,  
 While the gray Prophet doth survey with shame  
 His people’s whoredoms, whose foul altars flame  
 To gods of brass and stone.

Beware my country! America beware!  
 A cry of hunger rises o’er the land;  
 Vanity hath eaten up the widow’s share,  
 And wasted blessings with a wanton hand.  
 Ye who the honor of your name abuse,  
 Who “buy the needy for a pair of shoes,”  
 Or “refuse of the wheat;”  
 Ye who at baleful Mammon’s altar bow,  
 The equal rights of Penury disavow,  
 With hard exactions from the poor man’s brow,  
 The offering of his sweat.

Beware ye proud, who tread in purple dress  
With haughty footsteps down the sacred aisle;  
Can ye expect that Heaven your souls will bless?  
Bless pride, hypocrisy and empty guile?  
Hush the vain clamor of your canting songs!  
No pleasing melody to sin belongs;  
'Tis like the leper's breath.  
Break down the altars that forbidden rise,  
Like plagues to mock the mercies of the skies;  
Know that in this a nation's glory lies,  
The garment of her faith.

---

### REST BROTHER, REST.

---

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.—JOB vii. 10.

Why should we weep o'er the coffin'd clay  
When all that it held is gone?  
When the spirit is summoned from earth away,  
From a realm of darkness to perfect day,  
Oh! help us in language of love to pray,  
Father, "Thy will be done."

Rest, Brother! rest 'neath the drifting snow!  
Rest on, thou hast run thy race!  
Thy dog may howl where the willows grow,  
And wander alone where the waters flow;  
Thy caressing hand is cold and low,  
And he misses his master's face!

Rest on in thy peaceful, dreamless sleep,  
Thou knowest no sorrow nor pain!  
Let the sighing tempest above thee sweep,  
And the visions of night their vigils keep,  
While we bow in our chamber alone to weep,  
And whisper the echoless name!

Farewell! we shall meet in a holier sphere,  
 When the mystic veil is riven;  
 And the links that were severed in sorrow here,  
 Shall be fasten'd again, and the silent tear  
 That sprinkled the loved one's sable bier,  
 Be remembered no more in heaven!

When our sorrowful pilgrimage here is o'er,  
 And we pass through the silent tomb;  
 And follow thy flight to that shining shore,  
 Where thy sun hath risen to set no more,  
 Shall thy fingers unfasten the pearly door,  
 And welcome the pilgrims home?

#### INSCRIPTION.

His wound is heal'd, his spirit with the just,  
 Enjoys the rest which Heaven alone can give;  
 While memory weeps above his senseless dust,  
 Who tasted death ere others learn to live.

---

#### WRITTEN IN MISS ENGLECHURCH'S ALBUM.

---

Dear lady! I a little fear  
 'Tis dangerous to be writing here.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

On every page, well pleas'd, I trace  
 Warm wishes for thy future fame;  
 And mine must find an humble space,  
 When Friendship pleads her modest claim.

May thy best wish be ever thine!  
 In thee no ill desire may start;  
 And dove-ey'd Peace, with soul divine,  
 Come down and nestle in thy heart.

And if, perchance in lonelier times,  
 Some heart should for thy favor search,  
 And to atone for former crimes,  
 Swear fond allegiance to the —church;

May all the happiness which springs  
 From Hymen's sweet connubial thrall;  
 And every blessing wedlock brings  
 Forever dwell within thy wall!

And down the trackless tide of years,  
 May hope's bright planet light thy way!  
 Contented seal the fount of tears,  
 And glory crown life's closing day!

---

## ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

SON OF MR. — OF NEW YORK.

---

Come near and bear the beautiful to rest!—MRS. HEMANS.

The cot is empty, the lonely room  
 Resounds no more with his childish glee,  
 For a whisper came through the darken'd tomb—  
 "Suffer thy loved one to come unto me."

Weep not young mother! thy boy is laid  
 On a bosom that beats with the tenderest love;  
 And his fair young form is in beauty array'd,  
 To dwell in the mansions of bliss above.

No sin e'er dawn'd on his spotless mind,  
 But pure as the spirit that guards his rest,  
 The only hurt that he left behind,  
 Is that which bleeds in the mourner's breast.

Darkly we watch'd while the taper burn'd,  
 Sadly beheld its expiring ray;  
 Saw the loved ashes in silence urn'd,  
 And laid to rest in their kindred clay.

Plant one flower o'er the cherish'd dead,  
 Drop on the fresh-turn'd sod a tear;  
 Raise a slab o'er the sleeping head,  
 And write—"Our Willie is resting here."

He that createth, 'tis His to slay,  
 But He giveth again what is freely given;  
 When His voice from the rainbow throne shall say,  
 "I took this blossom to bloom in Heaven."

#### INSCRIPTION.

We weep, but nature 'tis that sheds the tear,  
 Faith bids us look to His divine abode;  
 And while the mortal guards his ashes here,  
 The spirit views him resting with his God.

---

### CONDOLATORY LINES

INSCRIBED TO A YOUNG LADY ON HEARING OF HER APPROACHING  
 DISSOLUTION.

---

Boast not thy victory, Death!  
 'Tis but a cloud o'er the sunbeam's power.—MRS. HEMANS.  
 When the thoughts, releas'd from the world's control,  
 Through the realms of fancy take their flight,  
 And sweet repose o'er the weary soul,  
 Comes down with the deepening shades of night.

When the spirits of friends who are far away,  
 In the mystic visions of sleep we see;  
 Or the heart returns to a happier day,  
 Then lady, then do I dream of thee.

"This world is the nurse of all we know,  
 This world is the mother of all we feel;"  
 And often we strive to evade the blow  
 That a Father in love to our souls doth deal.

But Faith, with her eye on that better land,  
 Triumphant enters the silent tomb;  
 For she sees in the distance her Saviour stand,  
 Like a star shining over her pathway home.

If we rest in His mercy, then all is well,  
 Though the waters of death around us roll;  
 He hath sounded the depths, and return'd to tell  
 That the way is safe for the doubting soul.

When the lessening light of the earth grows dim,  
 And o'er thee the shades of Eternity meet;  
 Oh! look in the spirit of faith to Him  
 Whose word is a lamp to the pilgrim's feet.

And if haply we meet on this earth no more,  
 Farewell! till we join in the realms above;  
 Where our spirits shall stand on that shining shore,  
 And drink from the fount of eternal love.

---

## RURAL RETIREMENT VS. CITICISM.

---

Nature, the vicar of the Almighty Lord.—CHAUCER.

I love 'neath the embryo foliage to wander,  
 The steep frowning cliff, and the grass cover'd glade;  
 To cross the dark threshold of Solitude's chamber,  
 And commune with my soul in the portals of shade.

How rapture expands and the spirit entrances,  
 When viewing some wild salutiferous scene,  
 Where the deep river rolls or the cataract glances  
 Its shivering spray down some rocky ravine.

I've smil'd at the fluttering phantoms of fashion,  
 Like bubbles disporting on life's rolling tide;  
 I've heard the lewd lisp of false affectation,  
 And turn'd with disgust from the minions of pride.

Young Innocence whirl'd thro' the mazes of pleasure,  
 From purity, down to the prisons of guile;  
 While the spirit, in quaffing from mirth's flowing measure,  
 I've seen full of sorrow when mask'd with a smile.

In the sacrosanct mansion of Solitude only,  
 The spirit a lovelier picture may scan;  
 Oh! Retirement is sweet to the heart that is lonely,  
 And dearer to me than communion with man.

To the slumbering spirit that round me reposes,  
 My sorrowful soul may unbosom her load;  
 While Echo her garrulous cavern uncloses,  
 And whispers—bow down, 'tis the temple of God.

---

### SONNET.

---

I love the flowers that sweetly spring,  
 When Summer rests on her golden wing;  
     The cobea vine,  
     And the eglantine,  
 That round the rough trunk of the maple cling.

The linnet that pipeth her song of praise,  
 Where the sunlight checkers the leafy sprays;  
     And the nightingale  
     Of the rural vale,  
 Where the moonlit foam of the streamlet strays.

I love the light of a laughing eye,  
 When the beams of love from its centre fly,  
     And the ardent fire  
     Of young desire,  
 On the altar of innocence flameth high.



But sweet to see, in the morn of life,  
The husband wed to a faithful wife,  
    Whose sunny smile  
    Illumes his toil,  
Like a tranquil star o'er the field of strife.

But sweeter far, in the vale of years,  
Are the faithful hearts whom love endears,  
    Who hand in hand,  
    Walk down the strand,  
Till the rush of the river doth greet their ears.

And when this soul to its home shall rise,  
Like a meteor spark through the heaven that flies,  
    May a Friend more dear,  
    Still hover near  
And light her path to the upper skies !

---

### THE KRAKEN.\*

---

Where the morse of the Nordman sleepeth,  
    In his palace of winter gloom,  
The Kraken forever leapeth  
    In the ocean's laboring womb.

He scatters the frozen mountains,  
    Like foam drops to and fro ;  
And the stream of a hundred fountains,  
    From his cavern nostrils flow.

In the rush of his pride he casteth  
    The ocean from his face ;  
And the stately vessel hasteth  
    To death, in his cold embrace.

\* A fabulous animal supposed to exist in the Northern seas, of such an enormous size as to be capable of swallowing, not only ships, etc., but whole islands. *Vide* Chamber's Ency., vol. v. p. 821.

Then down 'neath the Arctic diving,  
 The eddying whirlpool roars;  
 And water, with water striving,  
 Is lash'd on the sounding shores.

Receive, O monarch of ocean!  
 From every stream and sea,  
 The cephalopodic devotion  
 Forever due to thee.

## WISDOM IS THE PRINCIPAL THING.

PROVERBS, IV., 7.

Weeping or piping, piping or weeping,  
 Cypress of mourning or myrtle of joy!  
 Sleeping or waking, waking or sleeping,  
 Still let this prayer every moment employ.

"So teach us to number our days  
 That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!"

Sowing or reaping, reaping or sowing,  
 Pain to the body or peace to the soul;  
 Rowing or resting; resting or rowing,  
 When the dark waves of adversity roll,

"Let my cry come near Thee, O Lord!  
 Give me understanding according to Thy word!"

## ULL-ERIN.

All glory to the infant Gael,  
 Whose valor made the tyrant bow;  
 And love to thee, sweet Inisfail,  
 The brightest gem on Ocean's brow!

When great Rosecrana's minstrel son,  
 In Cona swell'd his battle song;  
 The fame of Inisfail begun  
 To brighten as time roll'd along.

But now dishonor dims the beam,  
 Since Tara's temples are decay'd;  
 And glory's half descended gleam  
 But twinkles from Oppression's shade.

Rise up pale spirit of the past!  
 Cruth-loda, mount thy flaming car,  
 And, thron'd upon the moving blast,  
 Discharge thy favoring bolts of war.

Lone hermit of the silent cave,  
 Recall each spirit of the slain;  
 Who in the past with bosom brave,  
 Infring'd the haughty tyrants' chain.

Sweet Erin! land of love and war,  
 My spirit weeps for thine and thee;  
 Oh! when shall rise that flickering star  
 Of freedom, o'er whom once were free?

## CURTIUS' VALEDICTION TO THE ROMANS.

Historians record as a fact the patriotic devotion of Curtius, who, when a yawning gulf suddenly appeared in the ancient Forum, which the augurs affirmed would never close until the most precious things in Rome were thrown into it, boldly leaped into the midst, declaring that nothing could be more truly valuable than patriotism and military virtue.

Bear witness yet my countrymen! and thou  
 Beloved Rome! for whom I now devote  
 That life thy glory made illustrious; and ye  
 Patrician Senators, above whose heads  
 The eagle banners of my country blaze;

Ye Gods! whose voices thundered in her cause,  
Who hurl'd your shafts against the hostile front  
Of vandalic Gaul. Manlius, Camilus, Rome,  
Offspring of Gradivus, whose lightnings flash  
Above the Salii on the Capitoline Hill.  
Thou father Brutus! who didst rend the ties  
And soft constrainings of parental love,  
And for the righteous honor of thy land,  
Didst doom thine erring progeny to death.  
Horatius! hero of the Bloody Bridge,  
Who swam the Tiber, broke Etruria's van,  
And, fraught with what no hearts but Roman's feel,  
Bore to her gates your sword and dripping shield,  
Amid the applause of thousands. Mutius thou!  
Who in the presence of Porsenna's host,  
Didst yield thy hand to the consuming flame,  
And purchase freedom with the sacrifice.  
Bear witness all who shake the brazen shield,  
The proud Ancilla of imperial Mars,  
How gladly now I immolate my blood,  
And in this leap devote a patriot's life  
To appease the offended gods.

---

## THE PASSAGE OF THE RIVER.

---

*Semel omnibus calcanda est via leti.*

I stood by the shore of a deep rolling stream,  
And through the dark mists that encircled the tide,  
I saw, as it seem'd, in a fanciful dream,  
A land of delight o'er the waters so wide.

Fair mansions of gold in the sunlight array'd,  
And flowery gardens delighting the gaze;  
While cherubim throng'd 'neath the canopied shade,  
And tun'd to their cymbals sweet anthems of praise.

I spake to a pilgrim that came to the shore,  
With scrip at his back and a staff in his hand ;  
“Wilt thou tell me, O Brother, I humbly implore,  
How my spirit may cross to that beautiful land ?”

“The torrent is dashing,” he darkly replied,  
“And far in yon mists a wild ocean doth roar ;  
I have brought me some food, for the waters are wide,  
And long it may be ere I stand on yon shore.”

I saw him depart, and he struggled to save  
His goods that were swept on each blast from the shore ;  
Till, with shouts of despair, he was plung'd in the wave,  
And lost 'mid the rage of the hurricane's roar.

The next that came down to the billowy strand,  
Was a youth, who look'd over the waters with dread,  
A fardel of trinkets he held in his hand,  
And a frail little shallop was pois'd on his head.

“Ah ! mournful delusion,” in pity I cried,  
As I look'd on the lad and lamented his 'loss ;  
“He drowns 'neath the shell that if launch'd on the tide  
Would certainly bear him in safety across.”

A miser came next with a packet of gold,  
But breasted the waves with despair in his eye ;  
And cried, while the waters encompassing roll'd,  
Through the love of my bright yellow god must I die.

While I pitying gaz'd, lo ! a pilgrim came down,  
And happy he seem'd as he look'd on the tide ;  
O'er whose dark sweeping billows his shallop was thrown,  
With Hope at the tiller and Faith by his side.

I saw, and to Heaven in spirit I said,  
“May Love in this hour keep my vessel afloat !  
And o'er the dark waters, 'mid danger and dread,  
Let Faith be my pilot and Reason my boat.”

THE ILLUSION OF EARTHLY PLEASURES  
ILLUSTRATED.

---

A blossom sleeping on its stem  
In purple beauty shone,  
My hand essay'd to seize the gem  
And shook its petals down.

Alas ! I cried, repining o'er  
The wreck of all its pride,  
How gladly would this heart restore  
What thoughtless haste destroy'd !

But so it is with all that's bright  
Or fair beneath the skies ;  
The charm allures our dazzled sight,  
We grasp it and it dies.

The fairest gift above the grave,  
Of knowledge, wealth, or fame,  
Is pleasing only while we crave,  
Possess'd, 'tis but a name.

Only the rich delights of grace  
Eternal peace impart,  
A hope, that lightens not the face,  
To mock our longing heart.

But brighter, fairer, sweeter grows,  
With every lapse of time ;  
And, graced with full perfection glows,  
In Heaven's etherial clime.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

---

Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly, and speak low,  
For the Old Year lies a dying!—TENNYSON.

I sat in my chamber while sable Night  
Swept over the land in her mystic pall,  
And the fitful glare of the fagot's light,  
Flung ghostly gleams o'er the whiten'd wall.

On the dusty tomes of a vanish'd age,  
I had ponder'd long with intensive eye;  
Till my heart grew sick o'er the heavy page,  
And I turn'd away with a weary sigh.

To think on the friends of my boyhood's day,  
Now long in eternity's slumber laid;  
While bright to my fancy, though far away,  
I saw my sweet home in its sylvan shade.

And o'er the green fields where my footsteps oft  
With a joyous bound from the schoolroom stole,  
In fancy I sported till sweet and soft,  
Deep slumber encircled my drowsy soul.

And it flew like a phantom on wings of thought,  
O'er the shadowy land of fantastic dreams;  
Where the frowning walls of an abbey caught  
The flickering silver of Luna's beams.

On the sculptur'd rhombs of that lonely pile,  
The light of an opal seem'd to rise;  
While the shadowy arch of the fretted aisle,  
Re-echoed the dirge of a thousand sighs.

Within on the steps of a sumptuous throne,  
Where sparkled the treasures of many a clime,  
'Mid the phantom shades of the past alone,  
My spirit bow'd to the monarch Time.

Slowly he lifted his wrinkled hand,  
To the curtain'd shroud of a sable bier,  
And there, enscaf'd in his icy band,  
Lay the silent form of the Olden Year.

A spirit stood by the coffin's side,  
And mournfully lifted its cypress wand,  
When a tintemar rose like the sullen tide  
When it breaks in storm on the ocean strand.

'Twas the murmur of voices, suppress'd and low,  
As a numberless multitude surg'd along;  
Some singing with pleasure, and some with woe,  
The measur'd strains of the funeral song.

Some bearing their fardels of broken toys,  
And others their burdens of grief and care;  
But more with the tribute of new born joys,  
The last sweet gifts of the dying year.

Widows and orphans with hearts grown sore  
In treading life's measure of weary miles,  
Young mothers rejoicing, grandfathers hoar,  
And brides of a season bedeck'd with smiles.

And each one paus'd to upbraid the dead,  
Or to kiss the cold brow with its locks so gray;  
Entwining a wreath round the sleeping head  
Of sorrowful cypress or myrtle gay.

And many a youth, in departing, gaz'd  
With sorrowful tears on a fruitless past,  
Or sware by the dead, with his hand uprais'd,  
To redeem the future and rise at last.

Then I thought of the treasure my soul had found  
'Mid the paigles that blossom on fancy's slope;  
And 'mid the black garlands of grief, I wound  
The wither'd stem of a broken hope.



Then a tocsin sounded its solemn toll,  
 And the dead was embark'd on a turgid sea;  
 Whose waters fore'er through time's portals roll  
 To the fathomless depths of eternity.

While with music melodious, and glad acclaim,  
 And laughter that rang o'er the lethal stream,  
 Auspiciously crown'd his successor came,  
 And I woke with a start from my midnight dream.

*The clock struck one and the year began.*

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## THE BATTLE OF CASSOVA.

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One of the most notable events in primitive Turkish history is the defeat of the Christian coalition army of the Danube, by Amurath, or Mourad I.; who, having subjugated the principal provinces and kingdoms of both continents, desired to consummate the supremacy of the Ottoman power by the subdual of those several refractory tribes, or races, of which the Albanians, or Illyrians, were chief; and the death of Amurath in the manner described, through the jealousy of Brankowich, and the bravery and fealty of Moslosch, both sons-in-law to Lazarus, is partly traditional and partly historical. *Vide DE LAMARTINE's Hist. Turkey, Vol. I.*

On the banks of the Danube, the conqueror's car  
 Responds to Bulgaria's tymbal of war;  
 And Amurath rides 'mid his valiant viziers,  
 'Mid the flashing effulgence of Ottoman spears.

With banners unfolded at dawning of day,  
 Five nations united in battle array,  
 Come forth to their larum, undaunted and brave,  
 From the brow of the Balkans to banks of the Drave.

Albania is there with the chief of her clan,  
 Brave Scanderbeg's sire to marshal the van,  
 And Bosnia's Twarko the flower of his race,  
 With the flickering glint of the steel on his face.

Epirus and Servia have sharpen'd their steel,  
And Hungary waits her resentment to deal,  
With lances all bright; to be dimm'd in the fray,  
On the brow of the slope where the villagers pray.

'Tis the strength of faith, while defiant and far,  
The Cross flings its fold o'er the Crescent of war;  
To be drench'd ere the eve with the blood of the slain,  
Pour'd out by the Sultan on Cassova's plain.

Dark Evrenos sits on his motionless steed,  
Where the Azabs of Othman encamp'd in the mead,  
Await the fierce signal with ataghan and bow,  
To roll their dark wave on the ranks of the foe.

And Bajazet, born of the brave Amurath,  
The Giaour may tremble who crosses his path,  
And the Spakis of Broussa, whose sires ne'er saw  
The peer of their chieftain, young Ali Pashaw.

The war cry trembles on the air,  
Mourad advances to the fight,  
Amid the glint and dazzling glare  
Of sabres glancing in the morning light.

"Allah Kerim!" hark they cry,  
Yacoub and Mourad's lines are lost,  
In blaze of battle as they fly  
Athwart the Christians' serried host.

See Bajazet, to save his sire,  
Ride thundering o'er the slain,  
While frenzied with their master's fire,  
The Azabs spurn the plain.

Their sabres fall with deadly force,  
"God and the Prophet" is their cry;  
Till, routed in their furious course,  
The allies break and fly.

The day is lost ; the Christian host  
Dispersed far and wide ;  
Stern Cassova's defenseless coast  
With mingled slaughter dy'd.

The victor's flag triumphant waves,  
None but the few<sup>a</sup> are spar'd,  
Who, shelter'd in their mountain caves,  
The fiends of battle beard.

Stern Lazarus, the Servian Kral,  
His nation's rout surveys,  
He hears the widow's lonely wail,  
The victor's shout of praise.

Wukaschawa, with streaming eyes,  
Bedews the reeking sod,  
And Mara's bitter voice replies,  
O'er Freedom's field of blood.

Oh ! where is Moslosch ? Who so brave  
To deal the manly blow,  
Heaven bless the soul whose arm shall save  
My Moslosch from the foe !

Lo ! from the fiery ranks of war,  
Behold the hero led ;  
While Brankowich, 'mid the bugle's blare,  
To royal Lazarus said—

“ Behold the brazen traitor stand !  
O'er whom the curse of thousands reigns,  
Who sold Iliyria's sunny land,  
For all the blood that dyes her plains ! ”

King Lazarus to his minion said—  
“ Thy words our chieftain's truth assail,  
Thou' knowest our vassal Moslosch wed  
The fairest daughter of his kral.

Thou knowest his blade did ne'er refuse  
To make the boldest foeman reel,  
E'en now he bleeds from many a bruise  
Inflicted by the Moslem steel.

The test of truth we here ordain,  
To prove our chieftain's loyal wealth,  
Each faithful heart here present drain  
This crimson draught to Lazarus' health!"

"I take the pledge" the Prince replies,  
"My heart hath none to serve but thee,  
And 'ere the morrow's sun doth rise,  
Shall prove its firm fidelity."

He drains the cup—he mounts his steed,  
The fire of passion in his eye;  
Nor checks his courser's foaming speed  
Till Mourad' watchfires twinkle nigh.

He swam the stream, his course was bent  
From brave Illyria's faithful band;  
Nor stop'd till at the Sultan's tent  
He heard the solak's hoarse command.

"Halt, there! and make thy mission known!  
Why comest thou thus in Christian garb?  
And who so brave that darest alone  
Ride thro' our ranks on fiery barb?"

"A renegade from his country's claim,  
From Servia's rude ignoble crew;  
One who has heard great Mourad's fame,  
And longs to pay him homage due."

The Sultan from his pallet heard  
The greeting that the stranger gave,  
And straightway bade his trusty guard  
Bring in with haste the loyal slave.

As if to kiss the royal shoe,  
 The haughty Christian stoop'd his crest;  
 When, like a flash, his dagger flew  
 And dy'd its blade in Mourad's breast.

"This be the fate of every foe  
 That treads our shore!" the Servian cries,  
 "Now shall my royal master know,  
 No traitor's heart in Mosoloch lies."

He draws his glaive, he spurs his steed,  
 Full swiftly through the vengeful throng;  
 Eight warriors neath his sabre bleed—  
 The Servian's arm is strong.

He breasts the river's swoolen flood,  
 But falters wounded on its shore;  
 The limpid stream is dy'd with blood,  
 Brave Moslosch falls to rise no more.

On lone Cassova's rugged plain  
 Two mouldering monuments arise,  
 To mark where Mourad suffered pain,  
 And tell where his assassin lies.

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## MEDITATIONS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

---

'Tis midnight; o'er yon western land  
 Pale Dian lights her hazy ring;  
 While, one by one, the starry band  
 Leap forth with scintillations grand,  
 As that which o'er the Syrian strand  
 Proclaim'd the birth of Judah's King.

While gazing down the dreamy past,  
 Remembrance seeks a dearer clime;  
 And, like the flickering shadows cast

When clouds scud on before the blast,  
Sweeps by the merry scene, where last  
I listen'd to the Christmas chime.

The changing seasons fast unfold  
Deep thoughts to feed the growing mind;  
But though the heart beat fast or cold,  
With friendship, hate, or greed of gold,  
Its fiercest passions are controll'd  
By love, when memory points behind.

Bright home on yonder river's brink!  
Still in thy light my fancies rove;  
While from affliction's fount I drink,  
The draft but nerves my soul to think,  
And welds a bar to every link  
That binds me to the land I love.

While deeper shades than night's depend,  
And day's long hour of toil is done;  
Tho' banish'd far, 'twill comfort lend  
To know a mother's heart will bend,  
And to the Throne of Mercy send  
A prayer to soothe her absent son.

Arachne\* on her silken line  
Safe hangs, though tempests howl abroad;  
And thus, when earthly cares combine,  
And hope's bright orb forgets to shine,  
May my poor soul, with faith divine,  
Still hang her high desires on God.

Then dawn apace, thou merry morn!  
Once more that star arises sweet,  
And many a pilgrim weak and worn,  
In tatter'd garments soil'd and torn,  
Attends its ray till Christ be born,  
To pour sweet incense at His feet.

\*Arachne--The Spider.

HYMN OF RELIANCE ON PROVIDENCE.

---

Renounce all strength but strength divine,  
And peace shall be forever thine.—MADAME GUION. Trans. Cowper.

What is man's strength, O Lord! wherein to trust  
When night and darkness o'er the landscape lower?  
The conqueror's glory is a crown of dust,  
And he himself, the creature of an hour.

But thou Jehovah! art a constant stay,  
Thy boundless soul the universe doth fill;  
Thou dost preserve, and thine it is to slay,  
To save, or smite, as suits thy sovereign will.

Yea Lord! though armies of destroyers come,  
Safe in thy promises my soul shall hide;  
Whose priceless passport to that heavenly home  
Is seal'd with blood of Him the Crucified.

When storms of sorrow and distress assail,  
Far, far beyond thy smiling face I see;  
And when the flesh and her defenses fail,  
Father of Mercy! do I fly to Thee.

Guide then, I pray, my wandering footsteps, Lord!  
And bless the soul whom earth disdains to own,  
That when temptations press my spirit hard,  
I still may find a refuge 'neath Thy Throne.

## A PRAYER.

---

MARK VII., 34.

Hearts of the stern and stubborn mould,  
Whom hallow'd mercy cannot thrall;  
Benighted minds, austere and cold,  
Awake! and claim the gracious call.  
'Tis sovereign Love admission seeks,  
'Tis Christ, our royal Master, speaks,—  
“Ephphatha.”

Shall sleeping eyes refuse to see?  
Or seeing, scorn the proffer'd prize?  
No, let us from destruction flee,  
While in our reach deliverance lies.  
Attend the invocation sweet,  
Of our High Priest and Paraclete,—  
“Ephphatha.”

Great Shepherd of the heavenly fold!  
Whose wisdom worketh all things well,  
Let not, as oft in days of old,  
The children of thy love rebel!  
Till earthly toil and anguish cease,  
And Heaven's eternal fount of peace,—  
“Ephphatha.”

Sweet Prophet! whose commanding word  
Where Galilee's waters roll'd along,  
To publish forth thy power, restor'd,  
And loos'd the fetter'd suppliants' tongue,  
Assist our faltering speech, we pray,  
Come to our simple hearts and say,—  
“Ephphatha.”



## THE MYSTERIES OF THE SOUL.

The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not meddle with his joy.—PROVERBS, xiv., 10.

The eye 'mid busiest scenes may dwell on man in all his moods,  
But can it pierce the shrouded cell, where bitterest sorrow broods?  
And who can tell that hears the sigh, what sickness gives it birth?  
Or when a smile delights the eye, if fed by fluent mirth?

The heart its own affliction knows, though all the world be gay;  
It cannot share another's woes, nor give one pang away.  
'Tis true that friendship's faithful heart, to kindred love responds,  
But oh! the spirit dwells apart, though flesh may feel the bonds.

And yet 'tis passing strange, that whom one common birth endears,  
Should tread like hermits to the tomb, this darken'd vale of tears;  
But life is to its fountain join'd, nor spreads its stream abroad,  
'And dust to kindred dust resign'd, sends back its spark to God.

Let fierce esthetic tempests break in fury o'er my path,  
Nor grief, nor fear my soul shall shake, while Heaven withholds his  
wrath;  
And if a ray of sunshine roll, my spirit's joy he sees,  
Whose love hath lit my gloomy soul in dark adversities.\*

There keep, O Lord! the curtain drawn, which o'er the ark of gold  
Conceal'd the bright mysterious One from Judah's child of old:†  
And grant in mercy that my soul, from earthly sorrows riven,  
May break at last from sin's control, and wing her flight to Heaven.

\* Thou hast known my soul in adversities.—Ps. xxxi., 7.

† And the veil shall divide unto you between the holy and the most holy.—  
Ex. xxvi., 33.

OINA MORUL.

---

It was the maid of Fuärfed wild,  
She rais'd the nightly song,—McPHERSON'S OSSIAN.

She woke the strains of other days,  
And touch'd each trembling string the while ;  
Where warlike lovers stoop'd to praise,  
The daughter of the streamy isle.

She sang, and o'er my lonely soul  
There swept a flood of softer light,  
As when the beams of morning roll  
Their billows o'er the skirts of night.

Sweet cherub of the wakening heart,  
Immortal Love ! Oh ! canst thou wed  
And soothe with thy celestial art  
The soul, whence every joy is fled ?

How deep the dregs of bitter care  
Lie drown'd beneath thy chrystal stream,  
What bliss thine inspirations bear,  
What passing peace, what joy supreme.

'Tis thou, mysterious pulse of life,  
That bid'st the wandering spirit stay ;  
Or wing its flight from scenes of strife,  
To deeper love and brighter day.

Fond spark, from whither dost thou rove ?  
Whence is thy flame eternal fed ?  
That double force which bids us love  
The lost, the living, and the dead ?

Thou scarce canst draw thy life from earth,  
Since faithful love can never die ;  
But, sprung from a celestial birth,  
Descended from a softer sky,  
Who shall compute thy matchless worth ?  
Who lose thy smile without a sigh ?

ISABELL.

---

Lovely as the spangled lily  
Blushing o'er some shady stream,  
Blythesome as the daffodilly,  
Sporting in the summer beam.  
Fount of every fond emotion,  
Shrin'd in Love's sweet witchery;  
Pure as pearls of briny ocean,  
Is my Isabell to me.

Eyes as bright as stars of even  
Shining o'er the dusky plain,  
Smiles as sweet as beams of Heaven,  
Dawning on the night of pain.  
Soft as slumber to the weary,  
Bright as dreams of seraphs be;  
Sweet as springs in deserts dreary,  
Is my Isabel to me.

Innocence with beauty blending,  
Tones to make the heart beat faster;  
Raven locks like night descending,  
O'er a breast of alabaster.  
Fairer than the smiles of morning  
When the fainting shadows flee,  
Richest gem for earth's adorning,  
Is my Isabell to me.

THE MAID OF INIS-THONA.

---

Grey Anir wept in his father's hall, as the landscape weeps when  
the leaflets fall,  
As mourns the sea, when the sounding waves, roll on in storm to  
their secret caves.  
His spirit is mournful, and Runa's dells resound no more to the  
feast of shells.  
And the stately hind, and the hazel deer, bound free and unscath'd  
from the hunter's spear.

As the pestilent vapors from Lano roll, so sorrow sits dark on the  
Chieftain's soul;  
For Argon and Ruro, the brave and the best, are hush'd in the  
bands of their dreamless rest.  
Like Fingal the dauntless, from Lano's meres, Cormalo departs to  
the strife of spears;  
As strong and as bright as the morning beam, on Inis-Thona's  
bespangled stream.

And the Princess of Ruro, the darkly fair, in her flowing ringlets  
of raven hair,  
And the peerless beauty of sparkling eyes, the king proclaims as the  
tourney's prize.  
Cormalo did battle with Runa's sons, and shiver'd the spears of  
their bravest ones,  
Till Argon and Ruro forsook the chase, and returned to blush at  
their isle's disgrace.

With a scornful smile in the lists of blood, Cormalo of Lano  
undaunted stood;  
And a thousand shouts like the thunder peal'd, when Argon graspèd  
his father's shield.  
With a swelling bosom the maiden hears the ringing clash of the  
chieftains' spears;  
And the spirits of Runa beat fast and warm, when their fury burst  
like the mountain storm.

Like the oak that droops till the blast sweeps by, Cormalo is fallen,  
but not to die;  
For the conqueror swells with the soul of pride, and the point of  
his weapon is turn'd aside.  
And now, to the splendor of Anir's feast, the heroes are gone, and  
the strife is ceas'd;  
And a thousand bards, with their songs proclaim, the glory and  
honor of Argon's name.

On the mountains of Runa, the twanging bow resounds, and the  
pride of the hills lies low;  
But no passion save vengeance Cormalo knew, and the shaft of his  
hatred in secret flew.  
It flew like the lightning, and Argon's crest was dy'd with the  
stream of his manly breast,  
And Ruro fell in the bounding chase, by the covert bolt of a craven  
base.

And the maid of the isle, ere the break of morn, from the home of  
her fathers was rudely torn,  
And pines alone on a stranger's shore, to the sorrowful sound of  
the ocean's roar.  
And now doth gray Anir in anguish mourn, for the joy of his soul  
that shall ne'er return;  
For the daughter who dwells in a distant land, and the sons that  
are sleeping on Runa's strand.

---

## DEATH.

---

### A VISION.

---

The curtain is rending,  
Life's comedy ending—  
Darkness is rushing  
With memory away,  
Before the deep flushing  
Of Heavenly day.

How strange is this feeling,  
 Insensibly stealing  
 Its fantasies over my  
     Faltering form !  
 Father, oh ! cover thy  
     Child from the storm !

Bright spirits are pleading,  
 While earth is receding,  
 And dark shadows flying  
     Encircle the whole,  
 Lord, I am dying !  
     Oh ! dawn on my soul !

---

## POESY.

---

Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?—GRAY—*Progress of Poesy.*

In the lone watches of the night, when Sleep  
 Steals from her shrouded chamber velvet shod,  
 And airily invisible, to enfold  
 With soft lethean witchery the forms  
 Of Fancy's young creation, I beheld,  
 As 'twere in dim idealism drawn,  
 All phases of the universe. Ephemeral light  
 Had faded wan behind the circling hills  
 That span the West, and snatch the saffron rays  
 From Winter's waning orb. The air was dark,  
 And not with transient night, but long and dense,  
 And unreserved to nature, for its shade  
 Did hover vaguely o'er the brooding minds  
 And visions of all men. Confusion reign'd,  
 And War, and Anarchy, earth's triune scourge ;  
 And Slaughter sated her unhallow'd thirst  
 With life's warm current. Lewdness unrestrain'd,  
 Did philter love to gross impurity,  
 And vilest prostitution. Man presum'd

To carve rude images from rocks and trees,  
 And mould them to the symmetry of man;  
 Till, rapt with admiration of his art,  
 He adored the speechless forms, and call'd them gods.  
 Foul Passion rul'd, and Reason thrust aside  
 In rayless lethargy had fallen to sleep,  
 And Terror triumph'd o'er the universe.  
 But while I gazèd, lo! the leaden vault  
 Deep thundering split, and from the bright abysm,  
 'Mid fluent strains of star-born melody,  
 And gleams of Heaven's own lustre. Prone as flight  
 Of lambent meteor darting down the sky,  
 I saw a seraph's advent. It did chafe  
 The drowsing lids of Reason, and she woke,  
 And speaking softly to the souls of men,  
 Subdued their brutal passions. Earth reviv'd,  
 And smiling blest the meliorative plan.  
 Grim Superstition fled, and Error cower'd  
 To suck the venom from her blunted fangs.  
 Hope walk'd with Mercy, and the heavens smil'd  
 O'er the great spirit's victory, Truth came down,  
 In sunbright garb, and crown'd with asphodel,  
 And nam'd the heavenly cherub—POESY.

---

## ODE

TO THE SPIRITS OF PASSION.

---

Tell me Sorrow, why and when,  
 Comest thou from thy dreary den  
 To afflict the souls of men?  
     Sorrow tell me this now!

Witching syren wild and gay,  
 Speeding life's swift hours away;  
 Joy! oh doth thy spirit stay  
     Courting Love's fond kiss now?

Blessed wanderer of the sky,  
 Balm of anguish ever nigh,  
 Friendship! can the world untie  
     Hearts from thy control now?

Tell me, Love! thou heaven-born sprite,  
 Brightest star of darkest night,  
 Do thy wings of softest light  
     Hover o'er my soul now?

---

### MADNESS.

---

Though this be madness yet there's method in it.—HAMLET.

Why do you call me mad? Because this eye  
 Burns with such fire in its sublimer depths  
 That cowards tremble? Nay, inspect it close!  
 'Tis bright and bloodshot, but from viewing things  
 To ye invisible; end this vibrating pulse  
 Can scarce respond to the swift retinue  
 Of thoughts that fire my brain. Behold yon clouds!  
 Discern ye aught but sunshine there, the soft  
 And clear intangibility of light  
 From orb to orb? Poor myopel I can see  
 Ten thousand lambent fantasies, with whom  
 My spirit intercourses. What care I  
 For man and his intelligence! I'd tear  
 Him limb from limb had madness but the nerve  
 To rend the universe. Bah! let him live,  
 And woo his scornful fancies; but no more  
 Rouse the hot blood that burns in every vein  
 And fires my throbbing temples, with a leer,  
 Or glance of wonted scorning. I can feel  
 The warm pulsations of an unseen power  
 Enshrin'd within. 'Tis Reason fires me still,  
 And reason is the royalty of God;  
 Hell cannot scath its glory, nor obscure



The bright refulgence of that mystic flame,  
Which burns forever upward, as the soul  
in her sublime aspirings; never quench'd,  
Save from her native fountain. Hear we man!  
I am not man, only unlike the world.

---

### TO A STAR FALLING.

---

Spark of evanescent grace,  
Whither dost thou fly?  
Speeding thy reckless race  
Down the steep sky.  
Swift in unfetter'd flight,  
Spanning the arch of night,  
Or with long stream of light  
Dazzling the eye.

Thus through the rift of time  
Life rolleth on;  
So fades our mortal prime,  
So youth is gone.  
Fleet as the winged blast  
Flit earthly pleasures past,  
Merging in death at last,  
Life scarce begun.

So from the realms above  
Bending her flight,  
Sweeps the soft star of Love  
O'er the soul's night.  
Shedding a broken gleam  
From her departing beam,  
Bright as the spirit's dream,  
Brief as 'tis bright.

A SIMILE.

---

I saw a campanula bending  
In Ida's floral bower ;  
The leaves were sighing,  
The sunbeams flying,  
And for one rain drop was it dying ;  
Till the watery freighted clouds descending,  
Refresh'd it with a shower.

I saw a soul in its darkness standing  
Where sorrow's shafts were driven ;  
Complainingly weeping  
The watch of its keeping,  
While night o'er the landscape was stealthily creeping,  
Till the spirit of love that young soul expanding,  
Came down like the dews of heaven.

---

NEVERMORE.

---

A DIRGE.

---

O life! O love! O hope!  
Upon whose broken battlements I stand,  
To catch the last faint outlines of that shore  
Outstretching now behind me, and to cope  
This nameless monster with a palsied hand,  
Whom once I feared, with strength I shall command  
No more—oh! nevermore.

What have I learn'd, O Time!  
From all thy precepts written upon earth?  
That pride of soul but journeyeth before  
A dark destruction; and that sorrows climb  
In swift succession o'er the shrine of mirth,  
Stifling the hopes that shall renew their birth  
No more—oh! nevermore.

But I have learn'd that man  
 Is not to these earth fantasies confin'd,  
 Him his Creator's mercy will restore ;  
 For my dim vision hath been taught to scan  
 A nobler future, when the halcyon mind  
 Shall to its masque of mourning be resign'd  
 No more—oh ! nevermore.

---

### THE HAUNTING SHADOW.

---

Eldest of things, divine equality.—SHELLEY—*Revolt of Islam*.

In a sea girt isle where the sunbeams smile,  
 And fragrance swells on the dewy air ;  
 Where the flowerets spring 'neath the folded wing  
 Of the zephyrs that hover in slumber there.  
 Where the chrystal stream, with its silvery gleam,  
 And musical virelay skips along ;  
 Where nestled from sight in her bower of night,  
 Sweet Philomel warbles her choicest song.

Where the hand of Time, in that balmy clime,  
 Hath cinctur'd age with the bloom of youth ;  
 Where the ocean's gong was my cradle song,  
 I sprang from a lineage of love and truth.  
 And they taught my heart to perform its part,  
 And stand like a hero in virtue's strife ;  
 To scatter seeds of magnanimous deeds  
 For a harvest of love, in the reaping of life.

And they taught me that man, since the world began,  
 Were the common children of one high birth,  
 That all were free, and should bend the knee  
 To no gilded pomp of a pamper'd earth.  
 And that soil was blest, with God's bounty drest,  
 For the charms of Heaven seem'd in mortal's reach ;  
 One bread was our food ; we boasted one blood ;  
 And each was no better nor worse than each.

But in misery's morn, a spirit was born  
 From which liberty, justice and love did flee;  
 And a thousand woes at its birth arose,  
 The imps of this damn'd *INEQUALITY*.  
 The Almighty's frown, like a curse came down,  
 And Authority wedded a slave for his bride;  
 Tears, sweat and toil, were the pleasant spoil  
 Of that Pan-like child devourer, *Pride*.

Then I fled for rest to the far born West,  
 To the favor'd land of the bold and free,  
 And a brother's hand is the strongest band,  
 That has bound me, *America*, since to thee.  
 In whose clasp of peace I have found release  
 From the servant's groan, and the master's scorn;  
 But wake from your sleep, for across the deep,  
 A dark moving cloud to your land is borne.

And a deep voice comes to our happy homes,  
 From this shadow that rides on the dark blue sea:  
 "Proud Freedom I've hurl'd from the throne of the world,  
 And I come, fair *Columbia*, to conquer thee!"  
 Now in liberty's name, and for slavery's shame,  
 Americans, let not the monster land;  
 Your flag of the bold, with her stars unfold,  
 And spurn him back to his native strand!

---

## EPITAPH

FOR THE TOMB OF GEORGE GRICE, ESQ.

---

Widow and orphan here may weep  
 O'er a dead father's dreamless sleep;  
 But mourn in hope, while Christ on high,  
 Calls home each spirit to the sky,  
 Where, through one long eternity  
 With him, our ransom'd souls shall sing  
 In Heaven, "O Death! where is thy sting?  
 O Grave where is thy victory?"

A SOLILOQUY.

---

Be still, sad heart!

Put on thy mask amid the crowded street,  
And let thy smile, felicitous and sweet,  
Shed its bright sunshine over all we meet;  
Let man not hear thee sigh.

Be still, sad heart!

Enough to listen in thy chamber lone,  
While midnight echoes lift thy plaintive moan,  
And bitter tears upon thy pillow strown,  
Darken my sleepless eye.

Hush! hush, poor heart!

All night with thorny sorrow art thou torn;  
Thy anxious spirit, like a sick nurse worn  
With weary watching for the slow pac'd morn,  
To mock thy withering grief.

Smile, bitter heart!

Oh! why forever doth thy sorrow swell?  
Canst thou not bid the dark brow'd demon dwell,  
If but one hour, within his silent cell?  
'Twould bring my soul relief.

---

THE QUESTION ECUMENICAL.

---

They continually say unto me, Where is thy God.—PSALM XLII., 3.

From yon celestial empire of the sun,  
Four hundred million famish'd spirits call—  
"Christian! Where is thy God?"  
Shall we not run  
As Heaven's swift messenger to Jezreel's royal wall,  
By Ahab's flying chariot, and proclaim  
His kingly presence. Teach the waking soul

From Nature's mighty volume to unroll  
 The perfect evidence, that from pole to pole  
 Is writ our sovereign Ebenezer's name.

From Indian shores, from torrid Hindostan,  
 And where the Irawaddy rolls along ;  
 From Borneo's Sarawak, and Burmese Chittagong,  
 The unanswer'd shout is borne from man to man.  
 O'er Southern seas, from pestilent Rokelle,  
 And the dread Lion's Mount,  
 Lone Madagascar, and Mauritius dell,  
 Where many a Frank and warlike Briton fell,  
 Whose triumph opened not to them the fount  
 Of spiritual freedom, Britons love so well.

And hark ! from Bahr-el-Abiad's ancient stream  
 What waking spirit speaks ?  
 The iconolater starting from his dream,  
 'Yond Killimanjaro's peaks.

"Tell me, thou ministering guest,  
 Who o'er the waters broad,  
 Comest from the boundless regions of the West,  
 Bearing to every breast  
 Tidings of peace and rest,—Where is thy God ?  
 Tell to the black brow'd Hottentot, who sleeps  
 In fen built hovel, where the koba leaps,  
 And the rude Caffre in his dusky kraal,  
 Where white foot ne'er hath trod ;  
 The cry comes up from far Angola's vale,  
 Swelling the Sabian gale—Where is thy god ?

---

#### THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

---

Where ? ask the fervent breezes of thy clime !  
 Stream, vale, and mountain, all thou dost inherit  
 Of life and beauty, in primeval time  
 Made the pure shrine of His immortal spirit.

And yon bright arch, which like a molten shield,  
Sheds back the swift-wing'd arrows of the sun ;  
Shows, plainly pictur'd on its ethery field,  
That God of strength whilom reveal'd  
To Judah's prophet son ?

Where ? ask yon sea, whose sounding waves  
Wash golden tribute from antartic strands ;  
What time on fertile Zanguebar, she laves  
The feet of mighty Behemoth, who stands  
With smoking nostril, and strong scaly bands,  
Like the stern monarch of the western lands,  
Pressing thy golden sands.

The sea doth emblem His immensity ;  
The mountain's cloud-topp'd eminence His throne ;  
The moon revolving through her starry zone,  
With myriad constellated spherules strown,  
Like silver dust, the chariot wheels between  
Of some magnificent Oriental queen,  
Attests her great Creator's majesty.  
While in his temple of security,  
The sun, proud symbol of eternity,  
To the far children of Futurity  
Shall make His glory known.

"Consider" thou "the lilies of the field !"  
Show they no proof of workmanship divine ?  
Where is the artist unaneled,  
Whose pencil hath the skill to streak  
With such soft tints, the violet's cheek,  
Or crimson so the leafy columbine ?  
Here is the perfect skill display'd  
Of Him, whose taste hath so array'd  
The tenants of the field.  
His voice descends the darken'd spheres,  
Sublime and grand, to mortal ears  
In tempest wrath reveal'd ;  
By whose loud trumpet through the rolling years,  
His thundering praise is peal'd.

Or seekest thou the throne, the stately habitation  
Of Him who sitteth 'tween the cherubim? Darest thou presume  
To approach our Urim in His Holy Hill? To rape the womb  
Of dim Futurity? Haply thy death's doom  
May speak God's first and latest visitation.  
No, mercy is His, and thine humility;  
Nor deem, to one so worthy detestation,  
That He'll descend on wing'd sublimity,  
Rending the bright Shekina's clear invisibility,  
As once on Sinia's brow,  
Twice twenty days and nights,  
The holy halo blaz'd  
O'er Judah's wondering heights;  
Whose murmuring children gaz'd  
Confounded and amaz'd,  
Till the thick cloud was rais'd,  
And Moses veil'd his face to hide its heavenly glow.

AND THOU THYSELF ART GOD. The very subtlest force  
Of thy fair being, his eternal breath;  
The soul transfused, o'er which the monarch Death  
Exerts no empire. All created things,  
Or thron'd in Heaven, or tenanted beneath,  
Endure decay. The uncreated clings  
To its eternal centre, as the light returning to its source.  
Then ask not, Where is God? His Spirit dwells  
In every aisle of Nature's mystic fane;  
The horned herd, and yonder wing'd train  
Who skim with rapid curve the airy plain,  
Or on the spray when morn's first fragrance swells,  
Sipping the dew-drops from her glistening cells,  
Proclaim his love. The laughing brooklet tells,  
The flower, the leaf, the spangled blade,  
The blossom's prink, the lily's braid,  
That by his wisdom were they made.

On all, we see most palpably defin'd  
The mighty impress of a master mind;  
And man, whose well wrought tenement of clay,  
Is found in sin and lost amid decay,



Doth living, wear  
 A symmetry of beauty that befits the shrine  
 And temple of a spirit, which did rear  
 The subtile structure on a godlike plan,  
 That He might constitute its guest divine.  
 Thus, man is made God, as God was once made man.

“God is a Spirit.” Thou canst not behold  
 What “fills at once the realms of space.”  
 That thing of eyes, which but the mind can trace  
 Through rapid mazes to its distant fold.  
 But watch, and pray,  
 Till time dissolving, waste this mortal clod,  
 When in the ray,  
 Of heaven’s unsetting sun, and deathless day,  
 Thou mayest behold our God.

---

### SONG OF ASAPH, THE SEER.

---

Wake from thy slumber, O monarch of mourning!  
 Sad Allon-bachuth !\* deserted and lone;  
 Sing to the musical soul of the morning—  
 Israel’s night of affliction is flown.

Peer of the mountain and pride of the valley,  
 Pearl’d with the dew of Samaria’s plain;  
 ’Neath thy green bowers the maiden shall dally,  
 Clasp’d by her lover releas’d from his chain.

By the borders of Arpad, enslav’d of the stranger,  
 The children of promise look’d back with a sigh,  
 In the gathering darkness of sorrow and danger,  
 When Etham’s bright pillar ascended on high.

\*Allon-bachuth—Oak of Weeping.

They wept over Zion, despis'd and forsaken,  
The shrine of the Spirit in mercy or wrath;  
By the glory of godless Sepharvaim taken,  
The faithless of Ivah, the sons of Hamath.

Dreaming alone by the waters of Habor,  
In thought to his home the lone captive's heart stole;  
Till memory lighten'd the load of his labor,  
And darkness no longer o'ersadow'd his soul.

He saw the red pillar on Etham ascending—  
The cloud light of morn over Hazaroth spread—  
The sword of the Spirit all deathful descending  
On Taberah, heap'd with the dust of the dead.

Like the tempest of heaven when loos'd on the ocean,  
God's vengeance the tyrant of liberty smite;  
Save where in the ransom'd pavillions of Goshen,  
The remnant of Judah lay folded in light.

And he pray'd to Jehovah, whose merciful dealing  
His fathers' remembered in sorrowful days,  
When round the lone Ark in the wilderness kneeling,  
They laid on their altars the perfume of praise.

Then wake from thy sorrow, O monarch of mourning!  
Sad Allon-bachuth! deserted and lone;  
Sing to the musical soul of the morning—  
Israel's night of affliction is flown.

---

## THE VOYAGE.

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Over the silvery stream of youth,  
The bark of our love goes sailing;  
With the glittering pennon of hope and truth  
From the topmast proudly trailing.

†  
 On and on, while the flowery shore  
 In the cloudblight fadeth ever;  
 Till its blossoming borders are seen no more  
 Thro' the mists of Death's cold river.

The wind-rent bubbles of grief and joy,  
 O'er the waters are backward drifting,  
 And we see no longer the floating toy  
 Of Hope, in the sunbeam shifting.

'Neath the tempests of sorrow, that brood above  
 The waves, we are swiftly hurried,  
 Where the withering blossoms of blighted love  
 'Neath the blue cold waters are buried.

And thou! who hast poison'd the fount of mirth  
 In this heart must be unknown;  
 When the soul in her darkness goes drifting forth  
 On Eternity's ocean alone.

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## SWEET WAS THY VOICE BY THE FALL OF THE WATERS.

---

Sweet was thy voice by the fall of the waters,  
 Queen of the morning and star of the night;  
 Fairest and best of Columbia's daughters,  
 Blooming alone in thy bower of delight.

Beautiful maid! in my heart have I set thee;  
 Dress'd in thy smiles to support and adorn;  
 Fair as thou wast when in boyhood I met thee,  
 Bathing thy locks in the sunshine of morn.

Oft in the dark rolling tempest of sorrow,  
Thou art the day star that glimmers on high;  
Oft in the slumbers of midnight, I borrow  
Dreams of delight from the glance of thine eye.

Where, gentle maiden, oh! where shall I find thee?  
Thou whose remembrance still hovers around;  
When in a ravish'd embrace shall I bind thee  
Fast to the heart where thine image is bound?

---

### SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

---

Lazily waiteth to welcome the year  
The minion of wealth in the gas light's glow;  
Waiteth to welcome the glad New Year,  
Till the stars through the rifts of the clouds appear,  
And the moon from her zenith shines cold and clear,  
On the fleeces of silver snow.  
Cold and bright as the Arctic beam,  
On Zembla's frozen shore;  
And she mingles her stream, with the fagot's gleam,  
As it dances across the floor;  
And flings through the darkness a mellow beam  
On the bands of the oaken door.

And the north wind laughs on his whistling wings,  
As over the earth he flies;  
And the trunk of the linden creaks and swings  
By the casement without, where the icicle clings,  
And points with its spire to the dismal street;  
Where the tones of a beggar, low, sad and sweet,  
On the stillness of night arise.  
And thus with a trembling tongue she sings  
Her song to the listening skies.

"Poor, sighing Old Year! dying Old Year!  
Where are the friends that shall watch at thy bier?  
Dead are the flowers, and few are the hours,  
To thee that remain in this life, Old Year.

"The wandering waif of the street, Old Year!  
Is first in her sorrow, O sweet Old Year!  
For thou hast been good when the world has been rude  
To the fatherless daughter of want, Old Year.

"When the brows of the haughty have frown'd, Old Year!  
Thy hand with contentment has crown'd, Old Year!  
And though false for a while, thy comforting smile  
Has given the promise of hope, Old Year.

"O, sightly New Year! gay, sprightly New Year!  
Come to my heart with thy lessons of cheer!  
And come like the old, with garments nor gold,  
But bring me the forms that I love, New Year!

"Bring me a brotherly smile, New Year!  
Bring me a mother, to memory dear!  
And come to this breast, with the sweetness of rest,  
Though it be on a pallet of straw, New Year.

"Make me a wanderer wide, New Year!  
Rather than Luxury's bride, New Year!  
For a breast of love, in a cloak ill wove,  
Is better than riches and pride, New Year.

## ALL THE WORLD 'S A STAGE

And all the men and women merely players ;  
They have their exits and their entrances ;  
And one man in his time plays many parts.  
His acts being Seven Ages.

—*As You Like It*—Act II., Scene VII.

## FIRST AGE.

In thoughtless babyhood, from chair to chair,  
Like a huge crab, or mammoth tadpole creeping ;  
He tunes betimes his shrill falsetto air,  
Till night, and nurse's spanking, send him sleeping.  
When torturing peristaltic pangs assail,  
Ungodly turpentine invades his throttle ;  
In gastrodynia deem'd of much avail,  
Administered with a bottle.  
And oh ! in toothbirth what tormenting pains—  
His tongue is parch'd, his infant spirits droop ;  
Alas ! that no carminative remains  
For colic, hiccough, strophalus, or croup.

## SECOND AGE.

With breeches shorten'd by successive rolls,  
He nimbly navigates some neighboring pool  
With kite or toy boat, till the belfry tolls  
Its warning summons to the tasks of school.  
With elbows squar'd to autograph his name,  
His anxious eye directs the wriggling lines ;  
Save when, to give some missile faithful aim,  
His inky hand the hateful task resigns.  
Proud of the pothooks that adorn his slate,  
Next to his thumb black'd primer see him bend ;  
Ogling askance some gay, mischievous mate,  
Or grinning broad his trickery to commend.

## THIRD AGE.

With Grammar, Virgil, Algebra and Globe,  
On mathematics, language, and the flight  
Of stars, he dwells; till every cerebral lobe  
Burns with the wisdom of a Stagrite.  
The season of inquiry, when the seals  
Of science 'gin to crack, is none the less  
The summer of soft passions, when he feels  
"The might, the majesty of loveliness."  
But as the Epistle of our Prophet says  
That different glories come from different stars;  
We dare presume, a maiden's love lit rays  
May differ somewhat from the rings of Mars.  
With fervent hope on college honors plac'd,  
And heart consum'd with hymeneal fires,  
The Muse, constrain'd to undissembled haste,  
Compassionate leaves him to his fond desires.

## FOURTH AGE.

His gown lies mouldering on the closet shelf,  
And round his knee six rosy cherubs smile;  
But Fortune, false and fickle-minded elf,  
Hath left Alpheus to ignoble toil.  
That heart, late pilgrim to Idalian strands,  
Whose warmth the' Pierian fountain did assuage;  
In cold obscurity unnoticed stands,  
Crown'd with the cares of manhood's middle age.

## FIFTH AGE.

His decent black to shameful tatters worn,  
In homespun gray the rustic student stalks;  
He knows to calculate the price of corn,  
And gives discourses on the equinox.  
Filled with the forms of Tully's matchless mind,  
His fancy kindled by the Æonian muse,

Grasps the sweet lyre of old Meonides blind;  
 Its strings still dripping with Castalian dews.  
 He tells where Israel's Shepherd graz'd his flock—  
 Where Greece advanc'd or Persia's satraps fled;  
 But Themis mantle cannot make a smock,  
 Nor Attic lore supply the mouth with bread.

## SIXTH AGE.

Behold him standing in the vale of years,  
 Life's toil and bitterness fast sweeping o'er;  
 Behind his path a praiseless blank appears,  
 A dark, untried eternity before.  
 His hope, excluded from her earliest goal,  
 Folded her wings o'er Love's seraphic shrine.  
 Oh! want may chill, but purifies the soul,  
 And sends it suppliant to a power divine,  
 Here fully ripen'd to the hand of Time,  
 The blighted fruits of youth and age repose;  
 Here fades the flower of manhoods sunny prime,  
 The myrtle droops, and deadly nightshade grows.

## SEVENTH AGE.

The last, a little mound bedeck'd with green,  
 The babe, the schoolboy, lover, husband, sage,  
 Have play'd their parts in life's revolving scene,  
 And Death, their ghastly epilogue, clears the stage.

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 AFLOAT ON THE SEA.
 

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PROV. xxiii. 34.

Asleep on the mast, asleep on the mast,  
 Rock'd on the perilous wings of the blast;  
 Storm on the waters, and darkness on shore,  
 Danger around me, and ruin before.  
     Shine from thy sky,  
     Sweet Star of the East!



Beam on mine eye  
And lighten my breast!  
Shield me, O Lord! while the tempest is raging!  
Aid in the strife which the archfiend is waging!  
Soothe with thy Spirit this tumult within,  
And wash me forever from tarnish of sin!

The heavens are brightning  
With phosphorus lightning,  
And over and under  
Resounds the deep thunder,  
Forever affrighting with flashing and din.

God of the Blest!  
Let the lamps of thy love  
Beam bright from above,  
And light me to rest.

Afloat on the sea, afloat on the sea,  
Like a bird from the snare of the fowler set free;  
We ride on the murmuring wings of the blast,  
With sunshine of morn o'er the smooth waters cast.

Gaily along,  
With music and song,  
We glide, for the night of our peril is pass'd.  
And soon 'neath a heaven  
That never grows dark,  
In Salem's bright haven  
We'll anchor our bark,  
With the Pilot and Prince of our peace to rejoice,  
In symphonies harp'd to the seraphim's voice,  
Our star hath arisen  
Bright herald of day,  
And shines on the mizzen  
With halcyon ray;  
While sweet as the mirage of Araby's skies,  
The saphirine walls of the city arise.

Our streamer unroll'd,  
From the gaff flutters wide,  
With the Cross on its fold,  
As we drift on the tide  
To that beautiful land where delight never dies,  
Where the eye never weeps nor the heart never sighs.

AUTUMN.

---

The maple's wither'd leaflets shed,  
Lie heap'd along the meadow's side;  
The panzy's summer bloom is fled,  
And violets lose their summer pride,  
The oak tree nods his naked head,  
And all things tell of autumn tide.

But while to-night in yonder west  
Contented that his race is run,  
Like some lone pilgrim to his rest.  
Descends the yellow sandal'd sun;  
Shall evening calm this troubled breast,  
Or morn when night's dark hours are done?

The moon may shed her silent beams  
In silver o'er the land of sleep,  
Nor somnolent abstraction seems  
The rare stramonium, that shall steep  
The soul in lethe, for in dreams  
Return the forms for whom we weep.

No, suns may set, and planets rise,  
And seasons roll their stated round;  
But memory's deathless soul defies  
The sad mutations strewn around;  
While the spirit's longing eyes  
In her the lost are found.



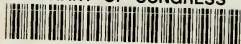








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